

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



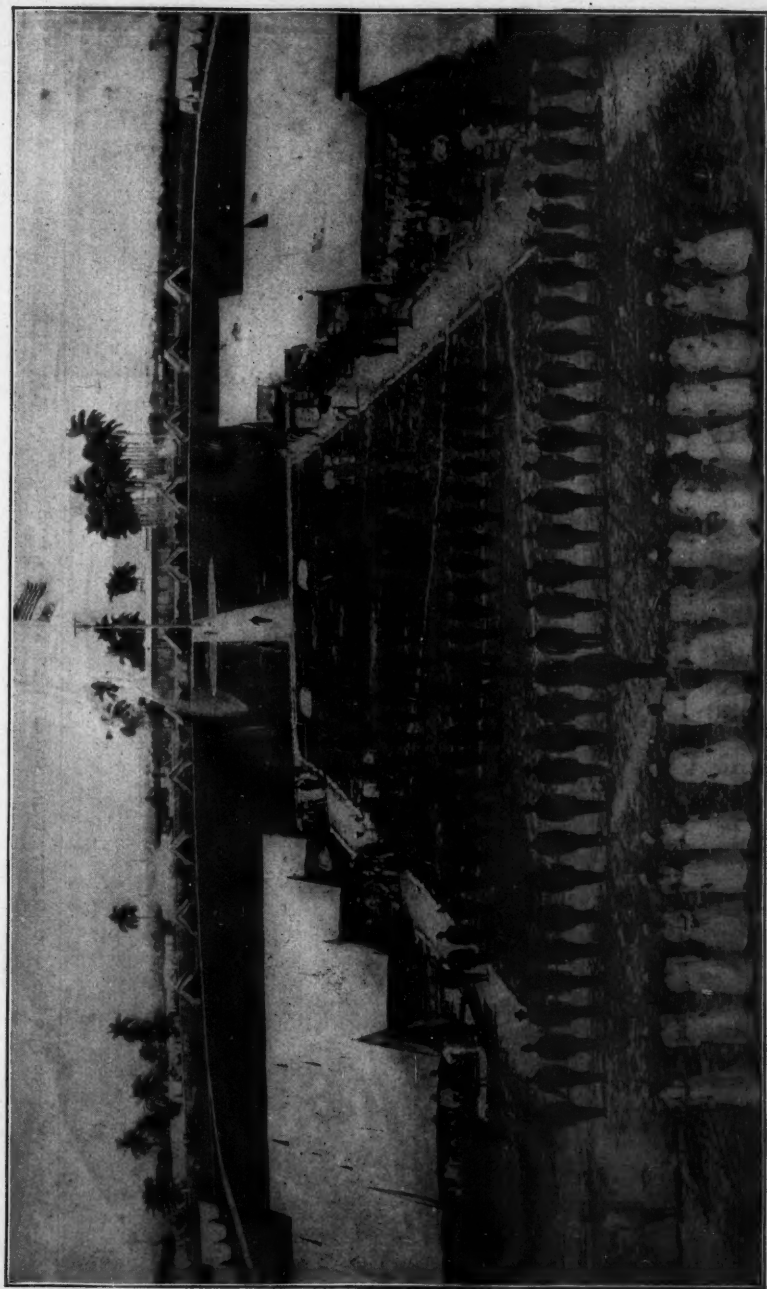
BOSTON - AUGUST - TEN CENTS



"Her face so fair
Stirred with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air."

Of course 'tis *Pears'* that makes her fair.

BYRON.



UNITED STATES ARMY HOSPITAL CORPS—A GROUP OF ARMY NURSES IN THE FOREGROUND
(See "Our Army and Navy" — Page 60)



MISS BERRY, THE FINEST SWORDSWOMAN IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY, AND HER INSTRUCTOR
(See Affairs at Washington)

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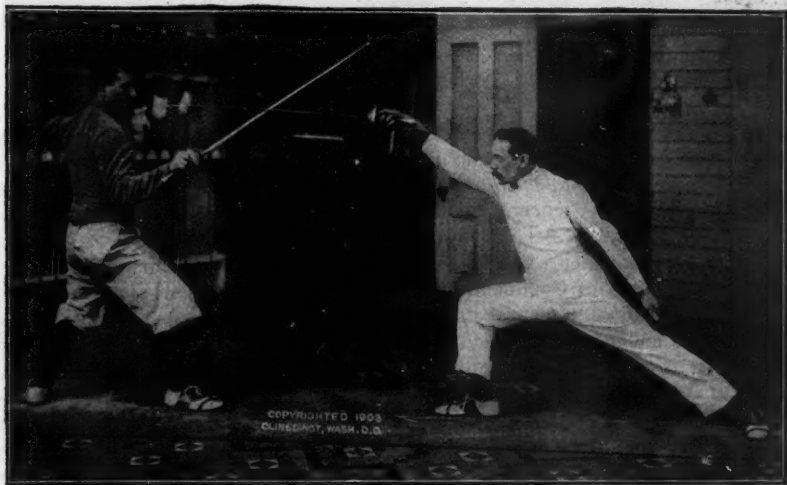


Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

SOCIAL and official Washington did not wait upon President Roosevelt's present enthusiasm for fencing to become intensely interested in sword play as an exercise and diversion. For more than a year past many prominent officials and society women, and the diplomats in particular, have devoted much time to fencing, and there are several European masters at arms in Washington who have within a comparatively

brief space formed very large classes.

The center of the activities with foil and sabre in Washington is found in the Fencers' Club, which has a handsome home on Nineteenth street and of which Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, is president. President Roosevelt has frequently been a guest of the club, and it was here that he first gained his relish for the sport of parry and spar with the steel blades. Count Della Gherardesca,



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER FARAMOND DE LAFAJOLE (IN WHITE), NAVAL ATTACHE OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY, AND ONE OF WASHINGTON'S BEST FENCERS



COUNT GUISEPPE DELLA GHERARDESCA OF THE ITALIAN EMBASSY AND D. MENCHASA OF THE PERUVIAN MISSION, THE LATTER IN WHITE, CROSSING SABRES IN A FRIENDLY BOUT

the attache of the Italian embassy, whose recent marriage to an American girl attracted much attention, is a member of the club and a clever fencer. So also is Baron Moncheur, the Belgian minister. At many of the tournaments held at the club Lieutenant Commander de Faramond de Lafajole, the naval attache of the French embassy, acts as *maître de combat*. He is an excellent swordsman and takes at all times a keen and active interest in the sport. Other very active members of the club include Visconde de Alte, the Portuguese minister; Mr. Constantin Brun, the Danish minister; Baron Gevers, minister from the Nether-

lands, and D. Menchasa of the Peruvian legation.

The most recent fencing tournament was made a social event of distinct importance and followed a dinner at the Italian embassy, to which all the participants were bidden. The great feature of this tournament was a match between Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, and General Leonard Wood, the chum of President Roosevelt. These two men are among the most expert fencers in the country. Sir Michael Herbert, the British ambassador, has lost some of his old time skill with the foils, but his two sons Sidney and

Michael, aged twelve and fourteen respectively, are among the pupils at the Washington studio of Signor Pietro Lanzilli, a captain in the Italian army. Countess Cassini, Miss Berry and other Washington society women have also taken up the exercise with enthusiasm.

THE American capital is noted as a city of novelties, and it is not too much to say that it is quite as unique in summer as in winter—but in a different way. As a penalty for its location inland in a southern clime, and its enjoyment of miles of broad streets paved with asphalt, it is subjected to a summer heat more excessive than prevails in any other part of the country. However, the people who remain at the seat of government throughout the heated term,—and they are increasing in number every year,—resort to such measures as are nowhere else employed to baffle Old Sol. In April or early in May, when Washington steps from Winter directly into Summer without so much as loitering momentarily in the lap of Spring, the residences undergo a transformation. Carpets come

up and curtains and draperies come down, while upholstered furniture gives place to rattan. Later these extreme measures extend to the attire of dwellers at the capital, and by midsummer there may be seen on any street in Washington almost as many men attired from head to foot in white duck as one could find upon a United States warship.

With its unique attributes in other respects, it is perhaps only natural that Washington should have a summer social season of distinctive originality. Since Uncle Sam has expanded into a world power, there are more participants in this summer social activity than formerly, when the city on the Potomac was a "Winter capital." Many diplomats are now loath to go (or perhaps it is that their governments are loath to have them go) far from Washington; so they join Admiral and Mrs. Dewey and the other notables among the suburban dwellers. Likewise, it is now not unusual to find at least two or three members of the cabinet in town at any time during the summer, and a considerable contingent of the high officers of the



THE NEW EAST TERRACE OF THE WHITE HOUSE, SCENE OF MRS. ROOSEVELT'S OPEN AIR FETES
Photograph by Waldon Fawcett



MISS KATHERINE VAUGHN WHITE,
the daughter of Governor White and sponsor on the
occasion of the launching of the armored cruiser
West Virginia at Newport News, April 18, 1903

army and navy are always on duty. For these prominent folk of the diplomatic and official contingent the chief summer pleasures are found at the many beautiful country seats which extend like a cordon of pleasure outposts around the capital, and at the Chevy Chase and Country clubs, both of which are within driving and automobiling distance of the city, and ever prove a mecca for enthusiasts on the subject of golf or tennis.

The first lady of the land has this year done much to foster an unusual summer gaiety in Washington. The completion of the White House terraces—the broad esplanades flanked with bay trees, extending 165 feet on either side of the White House proper—has provided an admirable theater for open air hospitalities of one kind or another; and of these opportunities Mrs. Roosevelt has taken full advantage. A contributory factor

to the opportunities for enjoyment open to Washingtonians in the summer is found in the promenade concerts which are given on the capitol and White House grounds several times weekly by the famous Marine Band. Finally, there is the Potomac with its constant invitation to yachting parties. A palatially appointed vessel—the Dolphin or the Mayflower,—is kept at the Washington navy yard almost constantly during the summer months in order to provide a pleasure craft for the use of the president, the secretary of the navy or other high official who may wish to take a party of friends for a short sail down the picturesque waterway, and frequent indeed is the use made of "Uncle Sam's private yacht."

OF all the features of the management of Uncle Sam's affairs at Washington it is doubtful if any is more interest-



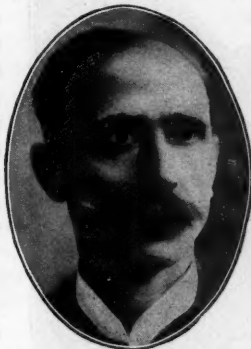
MISS ASHTON WILSON,
one of the beautiful daughters of Charleston, West
Virginia, who assisted Miss White at the launch-
ing of the armored cruiser West Virginia

ing, or withal more of a mystery to the general public, than the manner in which the business of the nation is carried on during the summer months, when the heads are scattered to the four quarters of the globe. That the machinery at the capital of the greatest republic moves along with smoothness and regularity, despite the absence of a majority of the

An effort is now made so to arrange matters that at least one or two members of the president's cabinet will be at Washington throughout the summer to act in case of an emergency, and several others hold themselves in readiness to hurry to the city on the Potomac should anything unexpectedly threaten to disturb the peace of the nation or the world.



A. W. MACHEN,
superintendent of the free delivery
division of the postoffice de-
partment, and who is now de-
fending himself against serious
charges of misconduct in office.



J. L. BRISTOW,
fourth assistant postmaster gen-
eral, conducting the inquiry into
alleged postal frauds. Mr. Bris-
tow is a Kansan, and may be his
state's choice for vice president.



CHARLES H. ROBB,
who succeeded James R. Tyner as
assistant attorney general for
the postoffice department. He
is assisting in the prosecution
of his predecessor and others.

men who are ordinarily at the helms in the various departments, is assuredly a tribute to the perfection of system and organization which has been effected; and in scarcely a less degree it constitutes a tribute to the facilities for communication which are available at the dawn of the twentieth century.

Time was, not so very many years ago, when Washington was very literally a "Winter capital." At the first suggestion of warm weather,—and Washington, be it known, is in summer the hottest city in the United States—government officials departed almost without exception. Since the land of the stars and stripes has become a world power this wholesale exodus has been impossible.

With this relay system of sentry duty on the part of the president's advisors it is possible for each cabinet official to secure a vacation of one or two months; and in some cases, for instance that of Secretary of State Hay, the vacation extends throughout practically the entire summer. During the absence of a cabinet officer the assistant secretary of the department is the "acting secretary" and many have been the instances in which these men have made notable records. As a rule, the subordinate serving temporarily as the head of the government must rely almost solely upon his own judgment. Mr. Forster, assistant secretary to the President, and in charge of affairs at the White House, may at any



FRANCIS B. LOOMIS, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE, IN CHARGE DURING THE ABSENCE OF SECRETARY HAY
 Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

time confer directly with the president, for direct telephone and telegraph wires connect the presidential mansion with the Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay; but when, as during the European tour of Secretary Shaw this summer, a cabinet officer is well nigh inaccessible, his substitute is called upon many times a day to use his own discretion.

Of the subordinates who assume the roles of cabinet officials during the vacation season, probably the greatest responsibility falls upon the shoulders of Francis B. Loomis, assistant secretary of

state. Not only does Secretary Hay retire to his summer home, the Fells, on Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, for a very protracted period, but it is in the state department that serious and perplexing problems appear most unexpectedly. With Uncle Sam's present widespread interest, every war or rumor of war is sure to affect this nation's interests more or less directly, and very frequently action must be taken promptly and conferences held with diplomats at Washington without even delaying to communicate with Secretary Hay.

The subordinate acting as a cabinet officer for the first time, is likely to be treated to a surprise that comes as a rude shock. The law stipulates that a cabinet member may not use a rubber stamp but must write his name when affixing his autograph to official correspondence and documents; and when a substitute in such a position sets out to sign letters at the rate of a thousand an hour he is quickly disillusioned as

to the joys of his position. An anecdote is told of the experiences of Assistant Secretary Armstrong when he first essayed to personate Secretary Shaw in his official capacity. When Mr. Armstrong started in to sign the daily correspondence he gaily wrote his name "Robert B. Armstrong," with a few supplementary flourishes, just as evidence of good faith; but when, with the perspiration streaming down his face, he finally finished the stack, it was noted that his signature was simply "R. B. Armstrong," with no cross on the "t".

IT is doubtful if there is in the United States a family that manages to have a better time than the Roosevelts and particularly is this the case during the summer months. The president encourages all the members of his family to emulate his example and play hard as well as work hard; consequently it is a truly ideal vacation life which the first household of America enjoys each year at their estate known as Sagamore Hill, near the village of Oyster Bay, on the north shore of Long Island. In this immediate vicinity the president's own boyhood was spent, for he has inherited from his father the belief that children thrive best in the country, and it was in pursuance of this idea that the elder Roosevelt erected amid the hills which border the Sound and the Bay the country house named "Tranquility," which constituted the youthful home of the then weak and delicate Theodore and his brothers and sisters.

The president, remembering doubtless the delights of his own boyhood, when wholesome, open air life transformed him from a sickly lad to a healthy one, has avowedly sought to make the house at Sagamore Hill, which he has occupied off and on for nearly twenty years, the one spot which shall always remain in the memories of his children quite different from every other place on earth. The president is enthusiastic over the site of his vacation abode, because there is not another house in sight. It is not necessary, as he expresses it, "to live in a neighbor's

pocket." The estate comprises ninety-seven acres, of which perhaps forty acres are wooded. There is a garden fully two acres in extent and fifteen acres is laid out in lawn. The house is a large, rambling frame structure with immense porticos and, as a glance at a picture of it will show, was designed for comfort rather than architectural novelty. Its interior, — although forsooth the Roosevelts spend little time indoors, — is marvelously attractive, being made up of immense rooms with books everywhere and chairs that appear to guarantee ease



ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, IN CHARGE DURING THE ABSENCE OF SECRETARY SHAW
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

and repose. Among the apartments in the house is a "gun room" that is the especial pride of the president and his sons, and an office or workroom which is fully equipped with all the modern adjuncts for the speedy transaction of business.

Few indeed are the sports and pastimes which are not indulged in by the Roosevelts during their long summer outing. Horseback riding has, of course,

chopping. So great is his devotion to the exercise of swinging an ax that he usually chops most of the winter's supply of wood at Oyster Bay.

The president is assuredly among old friends when he is at Oyster Bay. Every one of the older residents of the village has known him since childhood and invariably they address him affectionately as "Teddy" whenever he passes through the "main street" on his way to or from a horseback ride, or mayhap drives down from Sagamore Hill in the unpretentious surrey which in summer displaces all the equipages of state which are in use at the White House in winter. The president and the members of his family have genuine regard for many of the men who have been working on his estate for many years. Notably is this true in the case of Davis, the old colored gardener, who has been in the service of the Roosevelts practically all his life, and of Mr. Seaman, who has acted as superintendent of the Roosevelt estate during the seventeen years last past.



RUDOLPH FORSTER, ASSISTANT SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT,
IN CHARGE AT THE WHITE HOUSE DURING THE SUMMER
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

first place, and all the saddle horses, from the president's hunters to Archie's pony Algonquin, are brought from the White House stables to Sagamore Hill. Long distance walks, target practice, fishing, rowing and swimming also come in for more or less attention from every member of the family, and there is scarcely a day when he is on vacation bent that the president does not go off into the woods and regale himself for a time with wood

station calls for an expenditure of \$5,500,000, and means, practically, a rebuilding of the entire reservation. This is one of the largest outside contracts ever awarded by the government. It provides for the erection of twentyone new buildings, a new architectural layout for the reservation and an elaborate landscape setting, and selects tentative sites for the erection of buildings which may be erected in the future.

THE contract recently awarded by the secretary of war for the making of improvements and changes at the West Point military

The year 1902 marked the centenary of the founding of West Point academy; it also saw the passage of an act of congress providing for the erection at West Point of buildings which should be more in keeping with its dignity as the training school of Uncle Sam's army officers and with its prestige as one of the finest military schools in the world. Every West Pointer, graduate and undergraduate, appreciated the timeliness of the appropriation, and felt a thrill of conscious satisfaction that Annapolis, with her splendid improvements, could no longer claim to outshine the stronghold on the Hudson.

ALL the new buildings will be in the Gothic style of architecture. They will be so constructed, in some cases, as to appear to form almost a part of the cliff upon which they are built. The largest structure in the new group will be the riding hall. This will have a clear space inside 600 by 120 feet in dimensions, and will be one of the finest structures of its kind in the world. The imposing new building for post headquarters will be built around an inner court 120 feet square. It will be three stories high, and its tower, fifty by fifty feet, will stretch upward to a height of 150 feet. The new chapel, a stately edifice, will be the most monumental building in the group. It will be placed on the rise of the hill, so that its tower may be seen from both the south and north river approaches. It



THE ROAD LEADING TO THE ROOSEVELT RESIDENCE AT OYSTER BAY

Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

is proposed that this shall become the burial place of distinguished army officers. The new academic building, which will stand directly opposite the old one, will be connected with it by a monumental arch and bridge. It will double the present facilities for academic work.

Amidst the new buildings, the new



THE COMFORTABLE AND UNPRETENTIOUS RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT OYSTER BAY.

Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FAVORITE LOUNGING PLACE, THE
PORTICO OF HIS HOME AT OYSTER BAY
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

streets and monuments and gateways, enough of the old West Point will remain to permit its alumni to feel at home there when occasion brings them back for a visit. The old cadet barracks, in which West Point men grew from fledgling members of the "awkward squad" to dignified young lieutenants, are to be left standing; so is the building where they went for mess with keen appetite; so, also, are the hospital, the



REAR OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RESIDENCE AT OYSTER BAY
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

gymnasium, the library and memorial hall. These will form familiar landmarks to the men who cherish the picture of the West Point of today as being one of the fairest under the sun.

It is almost forgotten that the Continental Congress, in 1776, recommended the establishment of a military academy and that in 1793 and again in 1796 Washington urged upon congress the establishment of such an institution. The action of congress was not, however, assured until March 16, 1802.

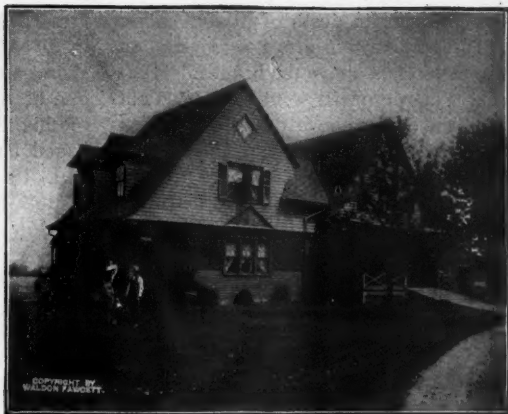
This act constituted the corps of engineers of the army a military academy with fifty cadets, who were to receive instruction under the senior engineer officer as superintendent. Subsequent acts established professorships of mathematics, engineering, philosophy, etc., and made the academy a military body subject to the rules and articles of war.

In 1815, a permanent superintendent was appointed, and a year later an annual board of visitors was provided for, to be named by the president, the speaker of the house and the president of the senate. In 1843 the present system of the appointment of cadets was instituted, which assigns one cadet to each congressional district and territory in the Union, and the appointments at large, specially conferred by the president. The number of presidential appointments has since been increased to thirty. In 1901 three extra cadets were permitted, by authorization of congress, to enter at their

own expense. These were from Venezuela, Costa Rica and Ecuador. The pay of a West Point cadet is \$540 a year. He is allowed but one leave of absence during his four years at the academy; this is at the close of the second year.

West Point sets the pace for military instruction in about sixty public and chartered military schools in the United States, and more than a hundred private institutions. When it is stated that from ten to fifteen thousand young American are graduated at these preparatory schools each year to enter business and the professions, it will be seen how far reaching is the influence of West Point rules and West Point traditions, even outside the department of governmental service for which it was principally established. In its own peculiar field, West Point stands without a rival, for its history is the history of all the great victories won by American arms since the War of the Revolution. Nearly all the famous American generals since that time have been sons of West Point—Logan and Miles are famous exceptions who rose from the ranks—and nearly every commissioned officer of high rank in the army today received his first commission on the day when he was graduated at West Point.

MUCH interest attaches to the earlier history of West Point. A fortress was erected there during the War of Independence and a chain was stretched across the Hudson at that point to keep



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S STABLE AT OYSTER BAY
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

the British from descending on New York, fiftytwo miles down the river. The fortress was captured, however, and the chain broken by the British in 1777. After Burgoyne's surrender, West Point again fell into the hands of the Americans, who then built stronger fortifications. It was an effort to betray these into the hands of the British that made Benedict Arnold the greatest traitor of the Revolution and caused



SUPERINTENDENT SEAMAN, WHO HAS HAD CHARGE OF THE ROOSEVELT ESTATE SEVENTEEN YEARS, AND HIS STAFF
Photograph Copyright, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

the unfortunate death of Major André.

The academy buildings occupy a plain 160 to 180 feet above the beautiful Hudson. They crown a point which juts out into the river above one of the finest water passes in the world. The scenery is bold and beautiful. Many of the new buildings are to be of rough cut stone, and, when completed with their Gothic spires, they will form one of the most stately groups of buildings in the New World.

It would have gratified the Colonial dames, who brought us the glory of New England cookery and home making, to witness the commencement exercises at Oread Institute. It was all so different from the usual June commencements as to be worthy of especial comment. This institution, so well described by Miss Marion Hallett in the July National,—is almost the only one of its particular kind in the world—because it is the idea of a particular man. When



DAVIS, THE VETERAN GARDENER WHO HAS BEEN IN THE EMPLOY OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS FATHER ALL HIS LIFE
 Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett

Mr. H. D. Perky purchased the "old castle" on a hill in the very heart of Worcester, Massachusetts, he secured one of the first institutions erected for the higher education of women—established far back in the fifties. And yet, with its quaint traditions, the "old castle" has become one of the eminent domestic science universities of modern times. Mr. Perky founded and has supported the present school, which has done so much in this branch of real educational work. The alumni include young ladies from every state and territory, and the amount of practical work accomplished in one school year seems scarcely credible; but the success of the graduates tells its own story.

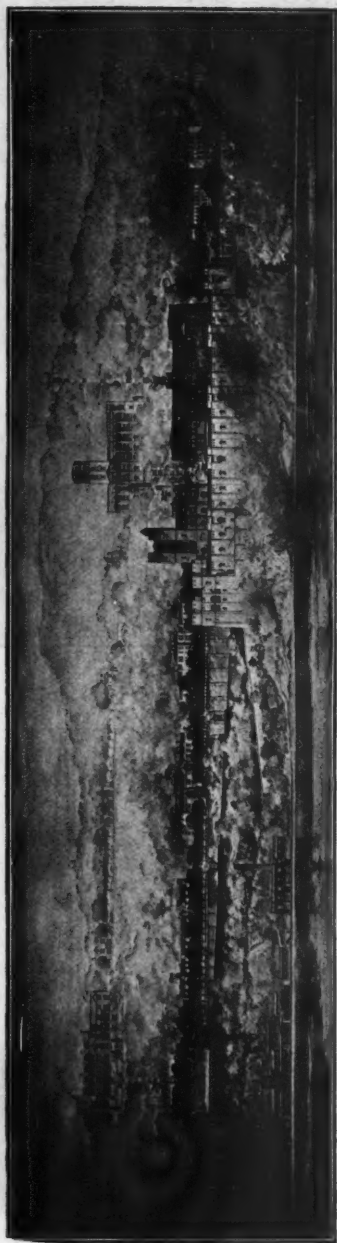
Forty young ladies, representing nearly as many states and territories and attired in neat caps and gowns, received their diplomas from the president. The exercises for the most part included practical demonstrations in housekeeping and the whole range of domestic science. The "oration" on practical housekeeping was as interesting as a play. The table was set in the daintiest way possible, and while it was being done, a thesis was delivered. When luncheon was served there were four graduates as guests, and the "oration" begun by one was developed into a discussion by another. As "luncheon was served" the discussion developed into a dialogue, impromptu and otherwise, touching upon the important and amusing events of the year. The light repartee revealed a course at dinners sometimes overlooked—not always by the ladies, but sometimes neglected—and that is bright and sparkling table talk, which often has quite as much to do with good digestion as the food itself. The other demonstrations were equally interesting—a sort of illustrated commencement oration, and a summing up of the splendid work



PRESIDENT PERKY AND THE GRADUATING CLASS AT OREAD INSTITUTE



GROUND PLAN OF THE NEW WEST POINT



THE NEW WEST POINT AS IT WILL BE SEEN FROM THE HUDSON RIVER

done during the year. The addresses by Mrs. Norton of the University of Chicago and Miss Van Rensselaer of Cornell university were splendid tributes to domestic science as the very height of woman's achievement even in these days of higher education. The class song was spirited and given with an affectionate tribute to Oread. After marching out, the young ladies gave a very spirited Oread salute to "H. D.—H. D.—Perky!"

In the Oread grounds a fine riding park has been arranged, and the afternoon exercises included an exhibition of equestrianism by the young ladies. The course is very picturesque, enclosing the rugged ledge that caps the hill, and the young ladies showed that they were skilled in horsemanship as well as house-keeping. This is another evidence of the keen watchfulness of the founder—always to add something to the institution each year—something that will bring out the best there is in the development of health in mind and body. On his prancing steed Dandy, Mr. Perky makes a striking figure—practices what he advocates in the way of getting the things "worth while" out of life. The evening reception was the fourth act and change of costume of commencement day. First, the lavender cap and gown of domestic Oread; second, the pure white of graduation day; third, the riding habit; fourth, the evening dress for the reception to the faculty—all phases of life for the American girl. At 10 p. m., under the witching glow of the electric tower in the center of the riding park, despite the threatening showers, the young equestriennes enjoyed their farewell ride—sharply contrasting to the social gayeties within. The alumni banquet was held on the following day—a happy reunion, but a sad parting for those who were to leave each other after a year's close comradeship in the work. The halls were filled with trunks; little



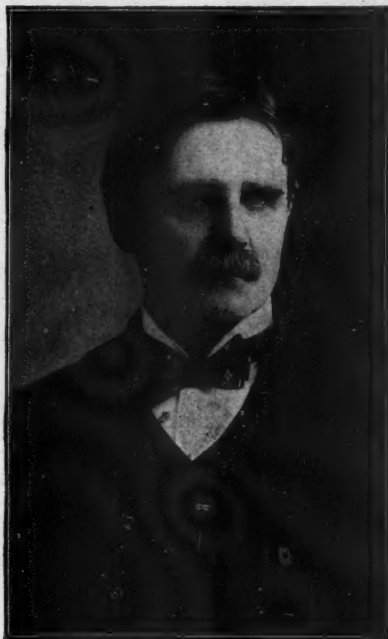
J. H. EDWARDS,
newly appointed private secretary to the secretary of
the treasury

tokens were exchanged and—well—there were tears, as the Oread class of 1903 separated for their homes in various states, carrying with them the sweet memories of happy, busy days, and trained and equipped for womanly responsibility in every walk of life.

MR. JOHN HINKSON EDWARDS, whom Secretary Shaw has chosen as his private secretary to succeed Mr. Robert B. Armstrong, recently promoted to the post of assistant secretary, was born in Ohio twentyeight years ago. Mr. Edwards comes to his new office equipped with a wide knowledge of public affairs and official methods of business. Upon graduation from the high school of his native town, South Charleston, Ohio, he was appointed to a position in the census bureau at Washington, where he remained from 1892 to 1894. Returning to his home, he went

to work in the Bank of South Charleston, and for three years continued in that institution, becoming identified with the Ohio Bankers' Association. When, in 1896, Walter L. Weaver was elected to the fiftyfifth congress from the seventh Ohio district, he chose Mr. Edwards as his private secretary. At the end of Congressman Weaver's term, Mr. Edwards was appointed confidential secretary of J. T. Metcalf, then superintendent of the postal money order department. In that office Mr. Edwards served for over a year, when he was chosen as assistant secretary to Postmaster General Payne.

When it was known that Secretary Shaw needed a private secretary, there

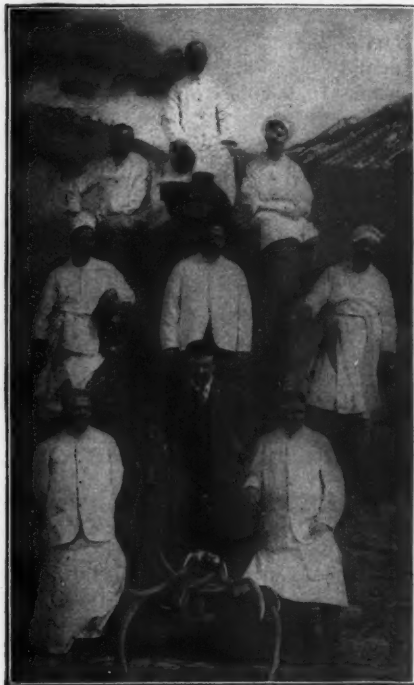


CONGRESSMAN ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK
Mr. Brick was born in South Bend, Indiana, in 1860, and got his education, after a common school course, in Yale, Cornell and Michigan universities, finally taking his law course at Michigan. The South Bend (Thirteenth district) sent him to congress in 1898, and has twice reelected him.

was no lack of eligible men for the position, for it is regarded as an important one, and has been the stepping stone, in a number of instances, to still higher preferment. First Assistant Postmaster General Wynne; Frank A. Vanderlip, vice president of the National City Bank of New York; Milton E. Ailes, vice

wards as private secretary was, therefore, a matter of more than ordinary interest in official circles. In his new position Mr. Edwards has opportunity to display administrative ability, for the office has grown to be not unlike that of an assistant secretaryship, the position taking on new functions from year to year under the direction of the men of striking ability who have filled it. At all times the office of the secretary of the treasury is one of the busiest in the government, and the private secretary must be able to relieve his chief of much of the work.

To maintain the fine record of this private secretaryship and to be of signal assistance to Secretary Shaw, Mr. Edwards comes peculiarly well fitted. To get through the great volume of daily transactions in the office, the private secretary must possess a talent for quick and accurate judgment. Countless problems are presented which he must rule on himself. The office of the secretary of the treasury has vital relationship with every phase of commercial activity, and his private secretary must be broad gauged and well informed. Mr. Edwards's endowments along these lines are marked. He has the rare talent of being able to get through a great mass of work without apparent effort.



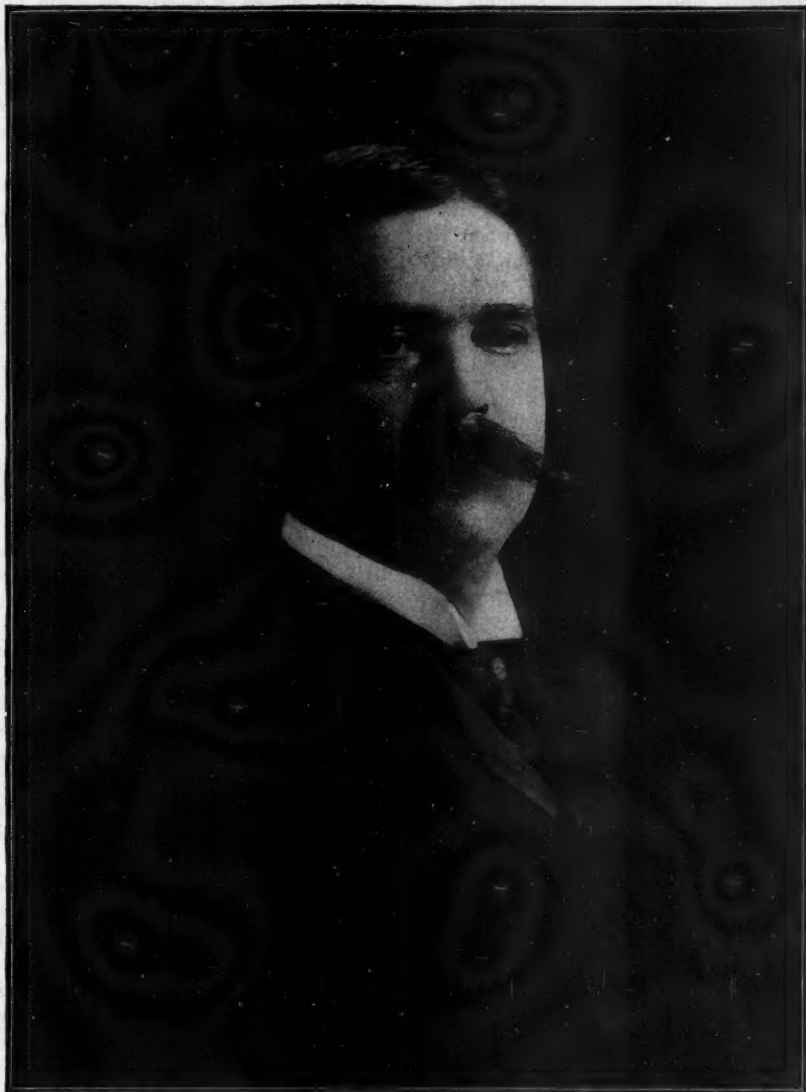
MR. MARTIN,
the king of dining car conductors, and his faithful staff
in charge of the dining car on the presidential train.
Photograph by Robert Lee Dunn

president of the Riggs National Bank of Washington; and Robert B. Armstrong, assistant secretary of the treasury, were among those who had served as private secretary to the secretary of the treasury. Before becoming bankers, both Mr. Vanderlip and Mr. Ailes were graduated from private secretary to assistant secretary. Mr. Shaw's selection of Mr. Ed-

ON the sweeping home stretch of the presidential special, after his notable journey of over 14,000 miles, it seems to me I saw President Roosevelt at his best. He returned to his duties at Washington on a perfect ground swell of popular favor, still modest, clear headed and rugged as always.

It was at Indianapolis that I joined the train. It was my privilege to march with the Marion club (one of the strongest political clubs in America) between the distinguished secretaries of the sena-

tors from Indiana. With Jerry Matthews representing Senator Fairbanks on my right, and Mr. Shipp representing Senator Beveridge on my left, I felt right



UNITED STATES SENATOR JAMES P. TALIAFERRO OF FLORIDA

Senator Taliaferro is just now engaged in a warm contest for reelection. He is a Virginian born, and served in the Confederate army as a private soldier. After the war he went to Florida, engaged in logging and sawmill enterprises, and is now vice president of a large wholesale grocery and president of the First National Bank of Tampa. His home is in Jacksonville.

at home in the great inland metropolis. In spite of the rain, the streets were thronged, and the great Soldiers and Sailors monument sparkled with electric lights illuminating the huge fountains. Somehow Indianapolis already has a Parisian aspect. It resembles Washington somewhat in the general plan of its streets; and the real Hooiser spirit of hospitality always prevails. The band was lustily playing all the popular airs—ragtime and Wagnerian—but when *The Banks of the Wabash* struck up, a thrill of state pride seemed to pass along the lines. In the sound of this greeting my friend Booth Tarkington was lying, recovering from a severe illness—to say nothing of his term in the legislature.

The Marion club has a fine house opposite the new public building now in process of construction. The club's recruits come from the high schools, and when they are old enough to vote they have been pretty well grounded in political affairs. Near the monument is the Columbia club, famous in political history. President Harrison and Walter Q. Gresham were members of this club, and in their day, when Indiana was a pivotal state, the club played an important part in president making. It was my good fortune to meet here that veteran of war, statecraft, diplomacy and letters—General Lew Wallace. The author of *Ben Hur* wears his years lightly, and he launched a playful shaft at Boston as I munched a Columbia club sandwich.

Truly Indiana is a wonderful state, and Indianapolis may well be termed the Athens of the West. I had a most delightful meeting with James Whitcomb Riley, America's most popular poet. Gentle and winsome as his writings, his blue eyes sparkled a cordial greeting. He lives very quietly, and loves his home and his people as they love him. He is a poet with honor in his own country, and as he gave me a hearty hand-gasp, the lines of *An Old Sweet-*

heart of Mine would ring through my brain. He stopped at his publishers, Messrs. Bowen & Merrill, to warm his hands before the smouldering fire in the grate, and carried off a bundle of magazines (of course the National was one) to his home retreat. With a kind word for the National and a warning not to try again to reproduce his pencilled handwriting in facsimile, I parted from the laureate of the American fireside—the one whose lines nestle close to the hearts of the people.

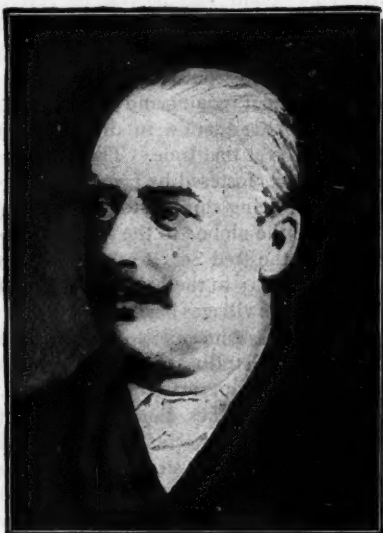
Here I am trying to crush subject matter for an article into a paragraph—and I had almost forgotten that when I "left the track" I was in a parade. The illuminated street car and anchored balloon were evidences of the gala occasion. At the monument were Governor Durbin, Mayor Bookwalter, Congressman Overstreet and other officials to give a right loyal welcome to the president during the ten-minute stop. The presidential party were hustled into the station and the president gave the gathering one of the characteristic 303 speeches which made the trip memorable. As I got aboard the train, there was a hearty greeting from the president, looking fresh and vigorous. Secretary Loeb, with his ever watchful eyes, was on the home stretch and kept everything moving with the precision of clockwork. Secretary Wilson and Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge accompanied the party.

The president's car, Elysian—his home, practically, for sixtysix days—was as complete as Pullman service and equipment could make it. In the observation room, sleeping room and dining room were flowers and books. Every moment of relaxation on the tour the president dipped into books or magazines. (Here I go mentioning magazines again—of course that means the National.) The president reads as intensely as he talks—and when he reads he knows what he is reading.

New England's Great Rival

HOW THE SOUTH IS TAKING THE LEAD IN THE MANUFACTURE OF COTTON STUFFS OF THE COARSER GRADES TO AN EXTENT THAT THREATENS TO REVOLUTIONIZE THE BUSINESS IN NEW ENGLAND—THE LOWELL STRIKE AND THE COTTON "CORNER" AS INCIDENTAL FEATURES OF A SIGNIFICANT TRANSFORMATION IN ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST INDUSTRIES—SOUTHERN MILL PROBLEMS.

By LEWIS E. MACBRAYNE



HERBERT E. WALMSLEY OF NEW BEDFORD,
President of the New England Manufacturers
Association



C. J. WOODBURY OF BOSTON,
Secretary-Treasurer of the New England Manufac-
turers Association

CERTAIN recent occurrences in the textile world, notably the "corner" in raw cotton, and the strike of many thousand cotton mill operatives in the North, have called attention anew to a great industry that now represents a total investment of nearly \$500,000,000 in the United States; employing approximately 325,000 people and producing, annually, goods to within \$110,000,000 of the total capital stock.

Obviously one might draw the conclusion from the prohibitory price of the standard staple that cotton is still king—though, for that matter, the scepter was tyrannically wielded by the cotton speculator—but the deduction drawn from the unsuccessful attempt of the operatives to secure an advance in their wages opens a more lasting, and therefore a more vital issue; the increasing competition of the modern cotton mill with the

old. and especially of the cotton manufacturing states of the South with those of the North.

At best the "corner" in cotton is the work of a season, and often brings its own reaction in a larger crop and a lower market for the succeeding year; but the competition of the great cotton belt of the South with the North in manufacturing has long since passed the stage of speculation. It is, with the northern mills of old time structure, the great problem of the hour.

The strike at Lowell, Massachusetts, which was thoroughly sifted by the state board of arbitration, carried with it, in effect, a demand for an increase in wages in several other New England mill cities. And in refusing the request, on the ground that Lowell and other mill cities similarly equipped could not afford the ten per cent. increase and still pay even moderate dividends, the Lowell Manufacturers' Association, through its secretary, made the following significant reference to southern competition:

"We didn't believe, any more than some of you people believe today, that the South was going to develop in any such marvelous way as it has during the past thirteen years."

And because the mill workers themselves are reluctant to believe that the supremacy of New England in cotton manufacturing is at all threatened, it follows that there must be many facts concerning which the public at large knows little, if anything at all. It is not necessary to recall that the first cotton factory in the United States was established in New England more than 110 years ago. It was not until the first quarter of the last century that the industry received its great impetus, however, and entered upon a virtual monopoly of the country that gave it supremacy at home, and attracted attention abroad. Under this stimulus native genius rivaled English invention in mill

machinery, factories were run on twelve hour schedules, and the operatives, fresh from the farms, gave willing service; the demand for cotton goods increased in the United States, and markets were created abroad. From every point of view, it was a season of marked prosperity for the North.

Then came the Civil war, which left the southern fields waste, and the foreign trade of the North all but wiped out. In the years of "reconstruction" that followed, the South asked only to be allowed to plant and harvest its cotton as of yore; and the North again hummed with industry, and feared not the morn of an awakened South.

But that day came; and it is well to consider the situation in the northern cotton mills at that time. Their matchless product, fostered by favorable legislation, was being shipped to almost every quarter of the globe: to the ancient people about the Red Sea; to the countless hosts of China; to the half clad tribes of Africa; to the villages beyond the mountains of South America; to the English colonies in Australia; to a hundred ports opened to the American trade in cottons.

And, on the other hand, the hours of labor had been shortened, wages had gone up slowly but steadily, while the price of the finished product had worked down. Mill towns had grown into New England cities; the native "help" had been succeeded by English, Irish and Canadians; labor agitators were now legislators, and the mill manager was in politics at his peril, and very seldom took the risk.

With her advantages of established trade and credit, New England was still in a condition to wield the control of the country in manufacturing, even in the face of changing conditions, so long as competition came only from beyond the seas. But the war had now been over for twentyfive years, the dormant South was awakening, and the scenes of

industrial activity that had been enacted in the North half a century before were now to be repeated in a strip of the South producing its own cotton, and covering an area of country four times the size of England, the greatest manufacturing center of the world.

"In 1880 the greater part of the South was still as poor as at the close of the war," said a southern manufacturer to me recently. "Now I can go to the North and raise a million dollars for investment here. The combined capital of southern mills today is \$111,917,527."

"An overwhelming proportion of the manufactured cotton consumed in this and other countries consists of plain cloths woven from coarse or medium yarns," said the last government census report.

It was to the manufacture of these goods, offering a ready market and an opportunity for the employment of "green" labor, that the South turned; and it is on such goods as these that many of the great factories in Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas have been running by night as well as by day, even in the face of raw cotton sold in New York at famine price. So successful has been their competition that Massachusetts has, by state legislation, established great textile schools, and the mills of New England have been changing over to a greater variety and a finer grade of goods, involving a two-thirds reorganization of the machinery in many of the factories.

There are many people in the North who cannot understand why this should be so. At best, they say, the competition will not be permanent, and conditions will adjust themselves when legislation in the South has shortened the hours of labor and restricted the employment of children, and when labor unions have raised the scale of wages.

In time all this will be true, for it is an evolution that follows in every newly

established industry; but a recent study of the situation in the South leads me to these conclusions: The South is not dependent upon its long hours alone; it has a greater advantage in cheaper fuel and lower freight rates; child labor, so often discussed in the North, represents an insignificant item in the profits, and is encouraged by the parents, who themselves work in the mills; the labor union is not yet a factor in any mill town, and need not be so long as the mill managers continue to be the dominant factors in the villages, and the moulders of their public opinion.

In the matter of banking facilities and business credit the northern corporations enjoy resources that the South cannot hope to grasp, and there is a class of skilled labor in the North that will not go South; but against this you have coal mined and cotton picked within the very state where it is consumed; lower shipping rates across the country to reach the China trade; lower taxes—now an important item in the North—and legislation easily controlled, because of the extensive local investments in the industry.

One Massachusetts corporation operating mills in Georgia in order to save the trade once secure to its northern plant has found that the saving in fuel alone amounts to nearly two and one half per cent. on its capital stock annually, and that the saving in taxes is from one to one and one half per cent.; while added to these are the advantages of the freight rates, the longer hours and the lower wages.

But the peculiar advantages of these new southern mill towns, sprung up within the decade as though the seeds of old New England factory days had been blown to these fertile valleys, there to take root by less turbulent streams; populated almost entirely by upland whites who for a century had watched their cotton grow without a dream of

seeing it manufactured into cloth within the borders of their own counties; unhampered by local laws, because in many cases still unincorporated, and owing their sobriety to the one man power of the agent; vying with one another in hospitality and friendly rivalry, such as marked the growing West a generation ago,—the peculiar advantages of these towns, I repeat, can be appreciated only at short range.

The great war left, beyond the circle of the old plantation owner and his former slave, a great class of upland whites; tillers of small farms and owners of unpainted "shacks;" Americans by blood and traditions, but poor in worldly goods; accustomed to long hours of toil, but gaining neither comforts for themselves nor education for their children from it. And thus did they remain, often mortgaged year after year to the country store from which they drew their supplies, until the cotton mill was built, with its new homes for the employes, and cash wages for those who were willing to learn its ways.

Is it surprising that families "hitched up" their mules and piled into their carts both the household goods and the children; or that they were willing to journey from twenty to sixty miles to reach such a town; or that this assorted load was driven directly to the mill gates, its occupants to offer their services *en masse*?

"All that we ask is to be let alone," a Georgia mill man, himself the descendant of a distinguished southern family, said to me. "We know our people, and we understand how to gain their friendship. Because we are operating at a third less expense than in the North, it does not mean that we are unfair to them, or that we are forcing their children into our mills. Do not study the mill town here by the mill city of the North, but rather by the conditions from which these people have come. Give us

the credit for raising up the South, and giving the upland white a chance denied to him before."

"We-uns all worked together on the farm, an' I reckon we kin here," said a spinner, who sat with his wife and three children eating their dinner beneath a peach tree in a mill yard. The argument was a fair one to his mind. The children had worked with their parents early and late upon the farm, and the latter could not understand the ethics of a divided responsibility now. I might go further into this subject and tell of recent cases where the operatives have used their influence against the passage of child labor laws.

What took place in the model mill town in New England seventyfive years ago is being repeated in the South today. The mill managers are not only building tenements for their people, but schools and churches; are introducing lectures and libraries, electricity and ice plants, barbecues and athletic sports.

And a very significant fact is this, that as rapidly as possible the northern agents and superintendents are being replaced by men of southern birth, who understand the native "help," and know how to manage it. In the hands of these men are the laws of the mill towns. Younger in the majority of cases than the mill men of the North, reared in counties where the strong hand of the citizen often enforces the violated statute of the state, they do not hesitate to drive the vagrant from their settlements, break up the illicit still, curb the negro, administer personal punishment upon the insubordinate white, and keep a general eye upon the county elections. In return for this service they enjoy a popularity almost unknown in the mill city of the North today, and are able to serve, first hand, their corporations.

The personal side of all this is fascinating, but beyond the province of this article. It is the story of the aroused

individual, and that carries with it the story of the aroused South. No longer is the cotton all shipped far beyond the border of the states in which it has been grown. One third of all that is raised in the four great cotton mill states of the South is now spun and woven within its own mills, to the double enrichment of the people. Can the northern textile wage earner do otherwise than ponder these facts?

And what of the northern operative today? Here again the personal consideration of the question is filled with a human interest that lends a glamour to the story of toil. Long ago the New England farm ceased to send its sons and daughters to the cotton mill. Many years ago the Canadian had ceased to be classed as a foreigner. While the upland white has been migrating to the southern mill town, there have come to New England, even from as distant lands as the New England cloths have reached, a new stream of workers for the mills: the Greek from the towns beyond Athens; the Pole from Russian and German rule; the Armenian from the Turkish provinces; the Portuguese from the mist wreathed Azores; the Italian from the sunny bay of Naples; and be-

side these, Russians, Roumanians, Austrians, Scandinavians—men and women almost without number. I have even found in a Massachusetts cotton mill a Mohammedan from "Jerusalem the Golden," and another who, deserting a hand loom in a garden of Damascus, left the caravan trail that leads to Mecca and journeyed to America that he might work in one of the wonderful mills concerning which he had read, and for a wage beside which the pay of a weaver of rugs on a Syrian hand loom was as a discarded date stone to an orange.

So, as the keen brain of the northern manufacturer, alive to the competition of the eager South, plans finer textiles that shall keep his mills running at a profit, his eye does not fail to note this incoming tide of men, each anxious, like the upland southerner, to work diligently for a wage that is far above what he has ever received before.

There are those who see in this the passing of the old New England operative. Whether this be so or not, there is, to my mind, a most picturesque view in the thought that the whole earth is giving of its spinners and weavers to populate anew the cotton mills of historic New England.

[*Editor's Note*—In the September *National* Mr. MacBrayne will write of "Some Types of the New South," presenting the hopeful aspects of the industrial situation in that section,—telling how the coming of the cotton mills is emancipating the "poor whites" of the upland farms from ignorance and sloth, so creating in the strongholds of black population a great middle class of prosperous white wage workers.]

"THE WOODS THAT BRING THE SUNSET NEAR"

The wind from out the West is blowing,
The homeward-wandering cows are lowing,
Dark grow the pine woods, dark and drear,—
The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,
Far off its fading glory shines,
Far off, sublime, and full of fear,—
The pine woods bring the sunset near.

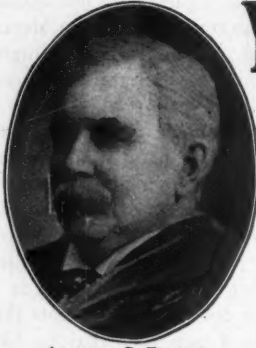
This house that looks to East, to West,
This, dear one, is our home, our rest;
Yonder the stormy sea, and here
The woods that bring the sunset near.

Richard Watson Gilder

The Modern Muses of Illinois

By *POULTNEY BIGELOW, M. A., F. R. G. S.*

Author of "White Man's Africa," "Children of the Nations," "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," etc.



ANDREW S. DRAPER,
President, University of Illinois.

YOU and I, dear friend, who were reared in the academic shade of the Atlantic seaboard, used to dwell complacently on the fresh, breezy, progressive spirit pervading the New England colleges,—we used to smile patronizingly at the venerable traditions of Oxford and Cambridge. But as for the educational institutions to the west of us—the new universities beyond the Alleghanies—they were mere mushroom affairs, at least to us. We used to think of their students occupied in milking cows or driving a steam plow: never for a moment did we dream that the time would come when the state universities of half a dozen prairie commonwealths would not only do what our universities regard as their peculiar specialty, but would do many things excellently which the older universities affect to ignore as lying outside the province of a dignified curriculum.

When the German emperor came to the throne, in 1888, the University of Illinois numbered 377 students all told. Today she has 3,250 on her rolls—the result of a steady, healthy increase from year to year. She grants the usual degrees for those who desire to become lawyers and doctors, although she has no school for clergymen; nor has she an art school. Those who wish a purely literary and philosophical course can be gratified, for the dead languages and the usual subjects inherited from our school men of the middle ages are taught. But such as seek these fine flowers of academic learning should, I venture to think, study rather at Harvard in the spirit of Emerson and Longfellow, Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The University of Illinois speaks more sympathetically to the man who is baring his arms for wrestling with the more material problems of the moment.

This is not by way of intimating that scholarship as understood by our fathers is not an excellent thing—indeed it is the most satisfactory topping to our civilization—a most essential qualification for those called upon to lead our minds from time to time up into the higher regions of spiritual peace. It would be a sad day for our race when scholarship ceased to be cultivated for its own sake; it would mean a degeneration of public sentiment, a lower standard of thinking in our public men, our editors, our clergymen, our men who interpret the law.

At Illinois University the first thing that struck me was the academic motto—not written in a dead tongue, but in letters that all could understand—our mother tongue. We who have been brought up at school to think that a saying can be wise only when it is obscure, must receive something of a shock at finding such a sentence as *Learning and Labor* carved over the entrance to a university, instead of a Latin aphorism. Even our illustrious Fathers of the Repub-

lic were so much under the dominion of the so called classics that they put a Latin text into the beak of the American eagle—as though there was no English equivalent for *E Pluribus Unum*.

Then, too, Illinois University has a crest corresponding to her needs—not a mediaeval armorial design—not even the head of Pallas Athene—no, her crest contains symbols of our progress today—the plow, the anvil, the labor saving machine. An open book is also amongst the emblems—fit witness to the broad fact that here the work of hand and brain go together.

The lad who comes to Urbana for his college education—Urbana being the little university town—must have passed his high school examinations; that is to say, he must show a fair proficiency in English language, literature, history, mathematics, modern languages and some Latin and Greek. There may be difference of opinion as to whether the requirements for entering at this and similar universities is as high as at Yale or Harvard, but in general it may be broadly stated that the students in each case are of about the same average ages, and that they are prepared to dedicate the subsequent four or five years to persistent and progressive study under competent professors, and ultimately to obtain academic degrees qualifying them to practice several different kinds of professions or callings with success.

The great charm of Illinois University to me is the honesty with which it announces exactly what it proposes. In our old universities we regard a science as valuable in proportion as it is useless. We lay great stress upon studying the topography and commercial relations of ancient Greece or Palestine, but should regard it as quite undignified if we made an equally exhaustive study of the Mississippi valley and its relations to the rest of the modern world. At college in my time we were taught to understand all about the battles of Romans and Carthaginians, Persians and Greeks; but as to the growth and problems of modern Europe we remained as densely ignorant as the red indians. In my time we were compelled to cram down an obsolete system of pseudo philosophy which has lain heavy on our spiritual digestion ever since. We were loaded down with abbreviations of text books covering the whole terminology of science: chemistry, physics, mineralogy, paleontology—heaven knows how many more ologies were lined up ahead of us on a sort of an intellectual “quick lunch” counter. We nibbled a bit of each—we remembered what each looked like—we wrote something about each in our examination papers—and we graduated with the magnificent conceit that we were “IT” and knew it all.

Those of us who retired to our native villages have lived in happy consciousness of having mastered all science and literature. The others who have had to go out into the rough world and measure ourselves with the real things of life very quickly waked up to the bitter truth that we had been mainly crammed with shams, and that before we could make any real progress we had to begin at the beginning and learn it all over again.

One of the most interesting of courses at Illinois is entitled *Training for Business*. Under this head are included a variety of correlated courses such as modern history, commercial geography, the development of banking, modern transportation and the study of the problems connected with strikes, trusts, etc. The young man whose father is mayhap the president of a railway, and who himself aspires to follow in his father's steps, may here not only receive a liberal education in the ordinary sense, but he may into the bargain follow courses directly

fitting him to deal with such questions as his father has been seeking to unravel. He will be allowed not only to learn how the Greeks, Romans, Phœnicians and Egyptians managed their intercourse, but he will study as well the development of railway intercourse in Europe and this country. He will be enlightened regarding the different systems in vogue; he will discuss the question of state ownership; he will have to pass examinations on the laws affecting railways,—not that he expects to turn lawyer, but that he may know how to employ lawyers wisely. He will have to go into the machine shops, in the garb of the mechanic, and there learn the secrets of the locomotive, from the art of shoveling coal to that of repairing a boiler. He will have to take machinery to pieces and then put it together again. He will have to learn all the intricacies of signaling—of switching—of engineering; in short, when he finishes his four years and secures his degree as bachelor of science he will not only have had an academic education fit to match that usually provided east of the Alleghanies—he will have learned many things of real value—things which he will not have to unlearn.

At Illinois I found a vast plant of machinery that reminded me of a World's Fair—for the machinery was up to date—just the kind of machinery that the students would be called upon to handle after graduation. This department of the university is of course exceedingly expensive—quite the most expensive, I should say. It speaks volumes for the excellence of the training here secured, that the money for this branch of work is never wanting, although state legislatures have not the reputation of being liberal givers.

Machines are not romantic things save to those who understand them. The machine has a language of its own; it has a life whose pulse can be felt by the man who will take pains to live sympathetically. Two machines of identical structure and force will do varying work, according to the man for whom that work is being turned out. I have a canoe with which I hold conversations—a little craft that speaks to me of what is coming—that warns me against rocks and shallows, that tells me what is happening at night. My canoe understands me perfectly, and yet when I try to explain this to a landsman I am put down as a crank. But no machinist will laugh at me for what I have said. I have seen men petting their machines—talking to them—telling them what they wished to accomplish—sharing with them their hopes. Believe me, the man who does not talk to his machine can get little out of it. You must talk to your horse if you want to get the best out of it—and a machine has lots of blood and life in it, albeit we can't see it.

In one of the Illinois University machine shops was a brass plate affixed to an automatic cutting machine which had been presented by the family of a student named Adams, who had recently gone to his long sleep. This brass plate was a commemorative tablet. It was the first I had ever seen affixed to a piece of modern machinery. It was to mark the fact that the man who was no more had loved the machine—had spoken its language—that his spirit would follow it through its life, as the spirit of a scholar haunts the book shelves in his study. Before that machine commemorating the name of young Adams I stood some time in wondering reverie. Am I not voicing the feeling of the reader, when I venture to assert that no more appropriate place could have been found for such a memorial?

I was latterly wandering through the famous Campo Santo of Genoa,

where many generations of the dead are called to mind by marble statues of mainly allegorical character. Of them all the one that arrested my attention most completely represented an old lady with a basket in one hand and a pretzel held out in the other. This lady had amassed a small fortune by the sale of bakery ware on the street corner, and was so little ashamed of the honest toil she had performed that she left a will to the effect that her monument should be a lesson to the passerby, teaching the dignity of honest labor.

This course in business training has a faculty of men well equipped for the work. It was my good fortune to meet several of them on the evening of my arrival. They were all men of travel as well as culture,—graduates of the old universities,—men who had complemented their American study by a course of special work with the most eminent authorities of Germany.

If we look closely at the methods here put into practice we shall see that there is nothing startlingly radical or even novel in what I am attempting to describe. This university simply seeks to do for American students what German universities do for theirs—that is, equip them for filling some honorable and lucrative position when they graduate. Germany demands a university degree for nearly all official advancement—the academic course leads directly to a salaried post and steady promotion. On the other hand the degree of most of our Eastern universities is but an empty title—it cannot be said to lead directly to any employment; on the contrary, there are many very shrewd employers who regard a college course as the spoiling of many a good man.

In Germany the bulk of educated men go into the government service, either directly or indirectly—even the medical and legal professions are very largely influenced by government. With us, however, the bulk of our young men leave college to go into some form of business for which college has helped them to a scarcely perceptible degree. In other words, while Germany has been adapting her scholarship to the requirements of those desiring to advance their worldly interests, our old colleges have stood still, have lost touch with the requirements of the country. Hence it is that the great colleges of the middle West have been drawing to themselves, more and more, the academic recruits who in a past generation would have been drawn to the elms of dear old Yale or the bucolic pasture of Princeton.

It is the glory of this prairie university that she has detected the romance of commerce, as she has woven sentiment about an automatic cutting machine. Her professor of commerce takes his students to the ends of the earth and initiates them into the mysteries of exchange in the markets of Calcutta and Singapore, Java and Cape Town. The students have to learn the history and institutions of strange races in order to understand the best means of satisfying their demands. For this course not only are there professors who are keenly alive to modern movements, but from time to time special lecturers are heard,—men at the head of great railways, great machine shops, great manufacturing concerns. Robert Louis Stevenson tells us how fervidly he scrutinized the goods hoisting out of a deep-sea craft—how the smell of tar quickened his senses; how his spirit flew under such influence to far away countries, strange regions, exciting adventures. He felt the romance of commerce, we have all felt it at times. Yet our school teachers have done their best to stifle this noble passion by seeking to resolve it into a column of statistics.

Books might be written about the separate departments of this interesting

seat of learning. For instance, what poems could I not indite to the classes in domestic economy—the ladies who are qualifying to make the home of the future not merely a thing of comfort and culinary delight, but a thing of beauty as well. The chemistry of foods is here taught practically—the future mother will have worked faithfully in a laboratory in order to know exactly what is and is not food. Then she will know perfectly how food should be prepared. And along with this she will have had courses in furnishing a house, building it, heating it, the selection of wallpaper, the art of decorating it,—hundreds of little things which seem trifles to stupid men. Nor need we think that such a course is simply for a nurse or a housekeeper, for parallel with this goes a broad, four years course of general study, including history, mathematics, literature,—a course on the whole wisely mapped out and comparing favorably with the courses at the older colleges for girls.

Then I had almost forgotten to dwell upon the marvelously complete course in agriculture which, in my humble opinion, should form part of the education of every gentleman's son. This course fits the owner of broad acres to understand the means of increasing the value of his land. If he notes that some acres do not yield satisfactorily, he here learns how to analyze that soil and therefrom to deduce a remedy in the shape of some fertilizing agent.

And please bear in mind that in these different courses there is no mere slovenly short cut to a degree. Each student must fulfill his whole duty in a four years course. Two of these years are pretty much the same for all; and during those first two years military drill is compulsory by law of the state. There is a handsome and very commodious drill hall, and the instruction is in artillery as well as infantry tactics. The law of the state provides that the governor can appoint graduates of this university to commissions in the state militia—a step in the right direction.

As to the effect of coeducation—that subject is too large to enter upon at present. I hear about as much on one side as on the other, and the opinions expressed depend largely upon our previous views of life, rather than upon any statistical information available. Personally, I feel that there should be no old maids nor bachelors. The higher education of women appeals strongly to old maids. At present, I dare not say whether it does or does not directly promote singleness. At any rate, whatever our view may be on the subject, it is well that the subject should be tested thoroughly before action should be invited one way or the other. This much may, however, be stated with some confidence: that the dangers predicted by people of European habits have proved to be chimerical. So far as my personal experience goes—say at such institutions as the universities of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Cornell, Northwestern, Chicago and kindred ones, I could discover nothing to countenance the proposition that young ladies suffered in their maidenly modesty through daily work at a university of this character.

So long life and happiness to you, young ladies of Urbana. For your fellow man student I have naught but envy.

Education, like the tariff, is more or less a local issue, anyway. Fit a man to enjoy his work and he is pretty well educated—humanly speaking.

Arthur McIlroy

An Eye for an Eye

By EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

Author of "The Love Story of Abner Stone"

JACK STAPLETON did not come home on the day set, and two people were very much put out thereby.

One of these was Colonel Stapleton. He sat alone in his law office that hot July afternoon, with his high hat tilted back on his bald head, one hand grasping his hickory stick with the stag horn head and the other manipulating at intervals an already soggy bandana kerchief. The Colonel's imperial-adorned chin was buried in the white stock which he always wore, in open and flagrant defiance of the changing laws of dress, and his gray eyes stared sternly at the sun baked stretch of courtyard revealed by the open door near which he sat. His white stock was ruffled—as was his temper—but he didn't know it,—for that stock was his pride. He "came of an old and honahed fam'ly, suh! His grandfather wore a stock and his father wore a stock, and he wore a stock because he would not dare violate such an honahed precedent. Fashion is for fools, suh! Stocks are for southern gentlemen!" This was the reply with which he had silenced a would-be dress reformer.

This afternoon in July Colonel Stapleton was in trouble—deep trouble. Jack should have been back yesterday, and Jack was a crank about keeping his word; he was never a minute late in keeping an appointment. "You may know that they've got me if I'm not here two weeks from this morning," he had said, jocularly, as he told his father goodbye a fortnight ago yesterday. And today Colonel Stapleton was wondering very seriously if they had "got him." It was more than probable, because here was one day of grace over half gone, and he had not come. But there was nothing to do but wait, and at the thought the

Colonel's heart grew heavy, for he loved his boy—the only human tie he had.

It was at this point in his meditations that his straightly-staring eyes were attracted by some object moving along the street just beyond the iron fence enclosing the courtyard. A glimpse of color through the leaves of the maples was all he saw, then whoever it was became hidden behind the bulk of the court house. But the Colonel guessed enough to make his florid face assume a deeper tinge, and to cause him to recross his legs and to mop his shining forehead for the hundred and first time. "Oh Lord!" he groaned, "what'll I tell her?" Around the corner of the court house came a trim, dainty figure, clad in pink flowered muslin which had an airiness about it suggesting cool comfort; wearing a sailor hat with a rakish tilt, and carrying a blue parasol with a flounced trimming around its edge. There was no retreat, for this apparition had already seen him, and was headed straight for his office door. The Colonel's gallantry was at par with his pride in his stock, and he rose to the occasion—literally—and removed his high hat. He even advanced to the steps of his office and took the small hand held out to him in greeting, and he retained it, too, until its owner reached the floor.

"Sit down, Lucy; sit down!" and he hustled about for the best chair he had, which was splint bottomed, and had one rung gone. "Terrible hot day, ain't it? I'm glad to see you, child, but you ought to be asleep this time o' day. I'd pretty near dozed off when I heard you comin'. No cases to fight now, you know—too hot for people to think of their troubles, and so we fight the weather and the flies. How well you look!"

The Colonel had found a chair for himself by this time, and wiping his streaming face for the hundred and second time, he smiled approbation at his visitor.

"Oh, thank you, Colonel Stapleton!" returned that young lady. "You are always so ready with your compliments, and a woman never gets too old to enjoy them." Then, with a sudden darkening of the pretty face—"Colonel Stapleton, *what* has become of Jack?"

"Blamed if I know!" was on his tongue, but he caught the explosion in time, and muttered to himself, in mortal terror—"O Lord! I'm goin' to have a scene!"

Now a "scene" was the Colonel's especial abomination, and consisted wholly and entirely in a woman crying from distress. This he could not stand. It had lost him more than one case in court, for he always retreated precipitately and ignominiously and left the field in possession of the enemy. He was stern enough in his dealings with men, and fought bitterly and skilfully every case he undertook, but when a scene took place his immediate usefulness was ended.

"He's all right, Lucy; he's all right!" was the Colonel's audible reply, spoken in a bland and persuasive tone. "Jack's not a youngster in the business, you know, and he's up to all their tricks. He's just a day late, and he may step in any minute."

"But he was never late before, sir," insisted the young lady, glancing out of the door to satisfy herself that Jack was not coming. "He'd have written, or telegraphed, if—if he'd been free to do so; and I'm afraid they've got him, and if they have, they'll ki-ki-kill him!"

The speech ended in a sobbing cry of distress, and a brown head fell forward upon the table, and two streaming blue eyes were hidden in a two-by-four bit of lace.

"Oh, damn it, it's come!" blurted the Colonel, forgetting decorum in his excitement, and rising hastily to his feet. "There, there, little girl, don't cry!" and he patted her shoulder soothingly, while glancing wildly around for he knew not what. "Jack's all right—oh, he's all right, the young fool! To run away this way, and make you cry your pretty eyes out. He's not worth it—the good-for-nothing!"

"Yes—he is! Yes—he-is!" came the muffled, jerky response; "and I'm afraid—he'll—never come back! Oh-h-h-h!" and the Colonel danced on his rheumatic feet and looked at the door as though meditating flight.

"Lucy—here!—quit!—don't carry on that way! If I ever do get my hands on that young rascal! That's a good girl! Sit up, now, and let's talk about it. Here, let me give you some icewater. He's all right, doggone him!"

The young lady permitted the old gentleman to take her by the shoulders and lift her to a sitting posture, when the icewater and the soothing words of the Colonel combined to work a reform at once.

"Why—hasn't he come, then?" she asked, plaintively, and her lower lip began to tremble.

"Hold on now—hold on!" burst in the Colonel. "Give him a chance. The train may have been wrecked, you know. His horse may have fallen on him—anything. Come along now, and I'll walk home with you. No use of me staying down here sweltering when I can sit in a chair under a tree."

Miss Beckwith obediently picked up her parasol and wiped her eyes, and a few minutes later she and the Colonel were walking up the street side by side. At the gate opening into her yard they stopped, and the Colonel delivered himself of a final, convincing speech.

"Jack's all right, and I'm not worried a bit, and he's my son. He'll be here

tonight or in the mornin', but if he don't come back"—with a twinkle in his eye and a return of his naturally buoyant manner—"if he don't come back I'll marry you myself, by the shades of Lee and Jackson! But they haven't got him. Goodbye; don't worry!"

II

But they had got him.

It was a case of the biter bitten; the trapper trapped. There was a very potent reason why Jack Stapleton did not get back home on the day set. For the very moment in which he had counted on greeting his sweetheart, after another victorious return from a moonshine quest, he was sitting in a log cabin in the heart of the Kentucky mountains with his hands tied behind his back, and the prospect of a speedy death before him.

It had been the toughest piece of work ever given him, but in the revenue business a man cannot choose his task, and had it been left to his choice Jack Stapleton would have accepted this adventure. News came to him one day that a hidden still was doing a thriving business in this part of the world. His duty was to find it, destroy it and its product, and arrest the man or men who operated it. For such work Uncle Sam was paying him; for such work he had gladly given up the thought of law, for his blood ran a little too swiftly to sit in a stuffy room and pore over the dry-as-dust leaves of Blackstone. He had been successful,—highly successful, and his name and face had become known in the mountains. He had killed one or two who had resisted arrest, but that was in the business, and the alternative was his own death. He seldom took a posse; he preferred to work alone. Not so much that all the glory might be his, but there was less danger of discovery, and he could handle himself much better than he could a half dozen men, scarcely ever trained. This was to have been his prize

adventure, and he had entered into it with confidence and hope. When he came back from this trip he was to stay at home and be happy with Lucy until the wedding—just three months off. After that, he had promised Lucy to give up his perilous work, because his life would belong to her then, and he would have no right to risk it. He hardly knew how he had failed, but it was due mainly to misinformation. He had left his horse tied in a small gully three miles from the scene of his intended raid, and had started out walking freely and—thinking of Lucy—a little more carelessly than was his custom. He even whistled softly to himself, for he was happy. Then he had heard a voice from behind—"Throw up your hands, Mr. Officer!" He had been betrayed, and his informant was in league with the enemy.

A hard situation to face, but he had to face it. He had been conducted through gloomy hollows and shadowy passes for a long, long way, and then locked up in a cabin with his hands tied behind his back, and told with cheerful irony to make himself comfortable. He did not mind so much the thongs that cut into his wrists and the dark loneliness of his prison. But when he thought of Lucy waiting for him the cold sweat sprang to his forehead, and his mind turned to escape. For four days he was kept in the cabin. The fourth was the one when he should have arrived home. Home! His heart sickened, and he looked around in desperation. Nothing but logs eighteen inches thick, and a small window about half as broad as his square shoulders. A man came once a day and placed some cornbread and beans just inside his door. Then his hands were untied while he ate, but another man stood leaning against the door jamb with a pistol in his hand. He had asked these men what was to be done with him, and they had only grinned and

looked at each other. They were waiting for something or somebody.

Just before dark on the fourth day there was a change. He heard muffled voices outside the door—many of them—and the sound of booted feet passing here and there. The end was coming, and he knew it. At last the door was flung open roughly, and a crowd of mountaineers surged into the cabin. One of them lit a pine torch, and stuck it into a crack between two of the logs. Then he came and stood before the prisoner, his feet set wide apart, and his hands thrust into the pockets of his trousers.

"We've got you at last, Jack Stapleton, damn you!" he said, coldly. "Look at me, an' tell me if you know me!"

The man addressed did as he was told, gazing fearlessly at the six feet of meanness towering before him.

"You're Tom Lester," answered Stapleton, quietly, "but you were fifty miles from this part of the mountains when I saw you last."

"Now you said it. They've been waitin' fur me to settle with you. 'Member Bill Lester, don't you?"

"Yes, I killed him for resisting arrest, and I think you have the mark of one of my bullets upon you somewhere."

"Bill wuz my brother," went on the man, "an' you killed 'im. Now whut you suppose I'm goin' to do with you?"

Stapleton was silent, for the scarcely veiled threat needed no interpretation.

"But I ain't goin' to murder you like you did Bill," came the hard voice again. "You're goin' to be tried by jedge an' jury, an' git yer sentence fa'r. Now we'll call court."

The speaker turned and addressed a friend.

"Sim, stan' up thar an' be the jedge; you other fellers jist hang aroun' anywhar fur the jury. I'm the lawyer pleadin' this case, and the pris'ner kin make his own defense, I reck'n."

In a short time the men within the room had grouped themselves into a semblance of order, with some coarse talk and jesting. Sim stood up by the big fireplace to act as judge. The prisoner was told to come forward and occupy a chair in the center of the room, which he did, without a word. Then a bottle was passed around to dispel any stray bit of sentiment that might creep into the minds of the jury, and everything was ready. Tom Lester took a stand a little to one side, and wiping his black beard with the back of his hand, began:

"Yer honor, an' gentlemen uv the jury. The case set fur this evenin' gives the pris'ner a damn pore show. Nearly a year ago me an' my brother Bill wuz makin' a' hones' livin' off to the south-rds yonder, when one night a man broke into our camp with a gun in each han'. He tol' us to s'render. Bill showed fight, an' got a bullet in his head. Then I run, but thar's a long mark on my back to show whar the bullet passed that wuz sent after me. The man whut killed Bill—ye all knowed Bill—sets before this court. Gentlemen uv the jury, I'm done!"

No one save Stapleton had seen the wild, pretty face of a girl peeping in at the doorway while this convincing harangue was being delivered. She was there but a moment, but Stapleton saw a look of hate gather in her face when her eyes rested upon the man who was speaking, and she caught the import of his words. Then her face melted in the shadows, and Sim was saying pompously:

"Pris'ner at the bar, the court sets ready to hear your say!"

Stapleton arose quietly, and his white face and well kept appearance made strong contrast to the dark, hairy visages and uncouth forms about him.

"My friends," he began, in a low, steady voice, "I don't know that there is

any use for me to say anything. You know who I am, and you know my business. I am an officer of the United States, whose laws you all violate and defy. In the exercise of my duty, I killed Bill Lester. I was sorry I had to do it, but I was bound by an oath. I was captured four days ago while searching for a moonshine still, operated, doubtless, by one of you men. I shall make no further defense of the charge brought against me. But if you are going to murder me, please be quick about it." He sat down.

"Gentlemen uv the jury, whut's the verdict?" asked Sim.

"Guilty!" was the unanimous reply. "Then let him die as Bill Lester died!" answered Sim, and moved toward the door.

It was useless to struggle. Strong hands were laid upon him, and Jack Stapleton was led out into the night. It was pitchy dark, but some long-handled torches had been stuck into the ground at intervals, forming a sort of lane to a large oak tree about twenty steps away. To this tree Stapleton was marched in silence; his back was placed against it, and he was bound tightly to the oak. Then the men fell back to witness the fun.

Tom Lester took a position just before the cabin, and began to examine his Winchester. He would raise it and sight down the barrel at the white forehead gleaming against the bark of the oak, then lower his weapon and laugh, or address a comrade, delaying his revenge.

Stapleton had braced himself for his fate. After a brief prayer, he had shut his eyes and summoned the vision of Lucy before his mind as he had last seen her, and waited.

"Sh-h-h-h!"

The sibilant sound came faintly to his ears. Then he heard a low voice behind the tree.

"I've got a grudge 'gin Tom Lester sich as no woman ever forgits. Yer ropes are cut! There's a hoss not ten yards off, an' I know the way! Watch yer chancet; be quick!"

The sharp report of a rifle awoke the still night, and fragments of bark flew from a spot not two inches from Stapleton's cheek.

"Skeered ye that time, did I?" yelled Tom Lester. "Wait a minute; the next time ye won't feel it, neither, 'cause it'll go between yer eyes!"

But when the mountaineer again raised his Winchester, it was only to gaze at the bare trunk of the oak.

As Stapleton stepped quickly behind the tree he felt a knife glide between his wrists and his arms swing free. Then a small, nervous hand grasped his, and he yielded to its guidance. He was already astride the horse when a hoarse shout of rage came from the direction of the cabin.

"Me, too!" whispered the girl, clinging to his sleeve. "They'll kill me ef they find out I done it."

The young officer leaned down, caught her around the waist, and swung her to the saddle in front of him. He felt her take the reins, so he held her firmly to his breast with both hands as they sped out into the pitchy night together.

* * * *

"You had a narrow escape, you young whelp!" stormed Colonel Stapleton, when Jack had finished his story. "And if you hadn't come back, I'd 've married Lucy myself, by the shades of Lee and Jackson!"

"The only moonshine hunts I'll take now will be out on the lawn with you, Lucy," said Jack, as they passed out the door side by side.

"Jack," returned that young lady, "you didn't *kiss* her, did you, when you rode away that night with your arms around her?"

Vacation Days at Tuskegee

By JOHN S. DURHAM

IN the last of his "Sunday Evening Talks" in the chapel of Tuskegee Institute, at the close of the school year, Principal Booker T. Washington made a characteristically practical appeal to those of the students who were about to disperse to their homes. He said that the desire to show their parents some of the benefits of the Tuskegee education was most commendable. Warning them against mere show, the resort of the vain and superficial, he continued:

"Now, I believe that the best way that you can show to your parents, to your relatives, to your friends, as you go home, that you have begun to receive an education here, is to begin doing something the minute you go home. Do not wait to find that which you would most like to do, but begin with the first thing handy. If you go to your fathers' farms—and I trust many of you will go to your fathers' farms—if you find your father working in the cotton field, take a hold and relieve him. If you find your father ploughing, take a plough and assist him. If one of you girls on reaching home should find your mother cooking, go into the kitchen and help her. If you find your mother washing and ironing, do not be ashamed to lend your services in that direction. Show them that you have learned the value of time, that you have learned the gospel, the sweetness, of labor. I am very anxious that you show your education by being useful, especially to your parents, especially to those who are near you."

This was to those who were about to leave school for three months, who were to be beyond the direct Tuskegee influence during the vacation days. Those who were to remain on the Tuskegee grounds were not to look for "the first thing handy."

Five hundred and sixty-two young men and women worked steadily at Tuskegee all last vacation. I arrived immediately after the commencement exercises and saw this little army of workmen begin their vacation. During the school year they had worked with books and tools. The day after commencement, amid the excitement of leave-taking with upwards of a thousand of their schoolmates, they set themselves to tasks as carefully planned for them as had been their course of study for the school year. For vacation at Tuskegee means working with tools alone.

It is not mere manual training for general education purposes. Yet the general educational value in results can scarcely be estimated. Every student there is either an apprentice or a journeyman, actually making something that shall stand on Tuskegee ground as a record of his skill or lack of it. The student digging clay stops on his way home at midday and in the evening to see bricks from his own making going into the making of a building. The workmen at each trade sees constantly the relationship of his contribution of skill and intelligence to the contributions of his fellows in other trades. The elementary but often neglected lesson of the interdependence of work and workers, the mutuality of responsibility, is impressed upon the students at every turn. In fact, the very completeness of the system makes them hammer the lesson into themselves. I noticed only one trade lacking in representation. It was plumbing, a trade whose importance to the negro because it is not necessarily an associated trade, should not be neglected. Still, I saw students stopping leaks and making joints in a way which revealed considerable skill in steam-fitting and one may safely say that the vacation days began at Tuskegee with all the trades represented and that the raw beginner had constantly before him the process of raw material going through all stages of preparation into its place in the finished product. The nailers were very busy, I can testify; and those who were not nailers were as busy as the nailers. The significance of turning loose, throughout the South, young men with that experience as a part of their education, can be measured only by the significance of the fact that they are using the acquisition of one school year to earn the money necessary to start them off into the next school year.

Just here it should be said that the beginning of vacation days finds great activity in the Tuskegee Institute Bank. Doctor Washington established this institution as he does most of the work. He made it fit the immediate needs of students and he is now directing its growth as their needs grow. At present the bank does not lend. It is managed by Mr. Warren Logan, the thoroughly businesslike treasurer of the institution, and Mr. Scott, the principal's efficient private secretary. As vacation days open, there is a run on the bank by students returning to their homes, but those remaining to work immediately begin to deposit their earnings. At no time is the total on deposit less than \$7,000.

Sometimes Doctor Washington's lessons of thrift and economy are turned on him and against him; but he takes the experience philosophically as a joke on himself. Alfredo is one of the Cuban students. Alfredo arrived at Tuskegee when the laundry facilities of the school were limited and much of the private work was sent outside of the grounds. Alfredo soon established for himself a laundry agency and easily paid his way out of his commissions. During one of the vacations, Doctor Washington introduced a complete steam laundry equipment with the double object of training the girls and boys and of doing all the work of the school community. When Alfredo returned at the end of the vacation, he met the principal on one of the school streets. It was early in the morning.

"Well, Alfredo," said Doctor Washington, "I don't know what work you can do this season. We have our own laundry now and I fear you will be driven out of business."

"Not if I work harder," said the Cuban confidently.

In the evening, Doctor Washington was asked by one of his assistants whether he would permit competition with the home industry. Alfredo had secured eighteen dollars worth of orders as agent for a steam laundry in Montgomery—and this on his first day of "working harder."

So, at the threshold of vacation time, I found the blacksmiths busy at their forges; the shoemaking department busy on new contracts; the wheelwrights meeting the demands of the school farms in the making of all kinds of vehicles, while outside orders clamored for attention, and the draughtsmen making plans for repairs while supervising the work on the new buildings from detail drawings—all executed on the grounds. This industrial work is under the direction of Mr. John H. Washington, a brother of the principal, and a wise and practical superintendent the results show him to be. The fact that the students dug the clay, and made and baked upwards of two and a quarter million bricks and laid them in repairs and new construction on the grounds last year indicates the scale on which the work is done at Tuskegee.

More than a quarter million more bricks were made and sold to outside purchasers and the demand was far in excess of the capacity of the brick yard. On learning this, I asked Mr. Washington about his supply of clay. He says that the neighborhood abounds in the varieties which he showed me in the immediate vicinity of the brick-making machines. It may be that among the various contributions which Tuskegee will make to the prosperity of the neighborhood will be a great new industry. The variety of clay which goes to the making of what is known to the building trade as the Pompeian brick is in great demand at the North. The highest grade, selected for uniformity in color and hardness, are quoted as high as thirtyfive dollars a thousand. Twentyeight to thirty dollars is the average price for large operations. The clay is there. They can be made in Alabama and sold in New York and Boston at a handsome profit.

Nor is this mechanical work entirely imitative. I saw several things which showed striking originality. I want to refer to three of them. In order to facilitate the work of the brickyard, where each machine turns out from sixty to sixtyfive bricks per minute, Mr. Washington, the superintendent of industries, designed an off-bearing cart. It is light, simple, not expensive to make and remarkable for neatness and despatch with which it does its work.

In the machine shop, a student was perfecting a device for the tapping of water mains while under pressure. The original quality in this appliance lies in the manner in which spindles work through a grinding piston and in the arrangement of glands preventing the escape of water. The device has also a special valve which may be bushed to different sizes of pipes.

Another invention by a student is a reversing gear for locomotives, hoisting or other engines requiring reversing gears. Its special features are its simplicity and its positiveness or directness in action. Only one eccentric is used. The Tuskegee reversing gear is suitable to high speed and low speed engines.

It is to be remarked in passing that this spirit of invention is spontaneous. Tuskegee is not run primarily to give openings to genius. There is no appeal to students to do the unusual. On the contrary, the plan of the school appeals to the plain, every day qualities of the boy who will be a plain working man in the every workday world. Invention, therefore, when encouraged in any department of the work, manifests itself along lines suggested by the needs of the work and not from mere speculative dreaming.

Reverting to the several varieties of clay and the great industry which the large beds indicate for lower Alabama, Tuskegee has made another demonstration recently, one which the owners of lands between the school and Montgomery are studying with deep interest. On the school staff of teachers is George W. Carver, a very interesting personality. Mr. Carver worked his way through the Iowa State Agricultural College, receiving the degree or title of Master of Agriculture when that institution was under the presidency of our present secretary of agriculture. He came to Tuskegee six years ago as instructor of agriculture. He still holds to that modest title; but with a quiet insistence, animated by his thorough scientific training and passion for his specialty, he has really acquired the position of general consulting chemist, dairyman and specialist on soils for all the country around with ambitious men of both races.

Mr. Carver began his vacation days last year by completing a most exhaustive study of lower Alabama clays. He had pointed out the deposits of several varieties to land owners whose families and slaves had been walking and riding over these lands for generations and he had suggested that perhaps they were owners of lands that might prove more valuable than gold fields. Samples were promptly sent to distant chemists and there came back reports filled with chemical formulae. These did not mean much to the laymen and the owners sought Mr. Carver. He took samples. One week after the beginning of the vacation season, he had arranged in clear porcelain cups under glass covers a dazzling array of pure pigments, covering the range of primary colors, all extracted from the clay of lower Alabama. Unctuous clays; various oxides, running to ochre; sienna, with low specific gravity, equal in quality to that which we import from England and from Italy—these were there on the Tuskegee laboratory table and the layman could interpret their story better than he could the chemists' formulae. This story is told to every man who owns land in southern Alabama. It is told by the modest, thoroughly scientific negro instructor of a negro school. The only color problem that seems to bother the white land owners in consulting with the Tuskegee teacher is whether or not the pigmentary clays exist in quantities sufficient to warrant commercial exploitation and whether the pigments can be extracted at a fair commercial profit.

This neighborhood influence is a very important feature of the vacation period; for the Tuskegee farms are growing what other Alabama farms are growing and Mr. Carver is there to tell visiting farmers why Tuskegee results are better. Doctor Washington was fortunate in finding the site of his little country school in the heart of the bad lands of southern Alabama. While the school has grown into a magnificent institution, awaiting only the money necessary to make it a model for the civilized world, the land is the same old light, sandy stuff, with scarcely any subsoil, which is the despair of white and black farmers for miles around. In describing the general situation, Mr. Carver recently wrote:—

"The average southern farm has but little more to offer than about one third of a cotton crop, selling at two cents and three cents per pound less than it cost to produce it, together with the proverbial mule, implements more or less primitive, and frequently a vast territory of barren and furrowed hillsides and wasted valleys. Another mortgage may have been added as an unpleasant reminder of the year's hard labor. The southern farmers, as a whole, have been too slow to admit that the one crop and primitive implements are quite out of harmony with the new, up to date methods and machinery. Alabama, my own fertile and beautiful state, the land of my choice, fraught with so many charming possibilities—dealt me out this sort of breakfast some mornings ago: Breakfast bacon from Kansas, grits from Massachusetts, flour from Nebraska, oranges from Florida and sugar from Louisiana—the milk and butter being the only things produced at home. In this connection it is not unusual to see so-called farmers drive to town weekly with their wagons empty, and return with them full of various kinds of produce that should have been raised on the farm."

Dr. Washington selected Mr. Carver to make object lessons for the farmers of the neighborhood, lessons which Tuskegee boys should take out to other sections of the South on graduation. One of the most impressive of these lessons is the experimental farm, within walking distance of Mr. Carver's laboratory. Sixteen varieties of cotton, the staple of the neighborhood, are here under systematic cultivation and each plot of ground has its complete record in the laboratory. The visiting farmer sees the plant growing. He then learns what fertilizers have been used, at what cost, and to what rotation of crops Mr. Carver has resorted in order to improve the land. Then he sees the record of improvement of each plot, year by year, during the past six years. Then to make the lesson complete, there is the one plot of typical land of the neighborhood which has been treated just as the average farmer of the neighborhood treats his land. That is

to say, it has been practically let alone. The record of this plot's cost and output is put side by side with the cost and output of the other sixteen plots and the vacation lesson of Tuskegee is complete.

In order to give an illustration of the startling impression made by this contrast, I will illustrate the experimental farming of sweet potatoes. The plot which was farmed after the manner of the neighborhood, no better and no worse, produced forty bushels of sweet potatoes to the acre. The average of the other plots after six years treatment at moderate cost was two hundred and sixty bushels to the acre. One experimental plot, treated intensively and at greater cost, produced four hundred bushels to the acre. Here, too, the originality of the student is allowed free sway. I saw one plot which had been given to a student at his own request. He had devised a plan for early cultivation and had transplanted melons, tomatoes and other garden truck with a view to getting his product two weeks ahead of the other gardens of the neighborhood—ahead of Tuskegee Institute gardens. He had done all his work unaided and Mr. Carver told me that, from the condition of the fruit and the vegetables at that time, he was sure the boy would succeed.

From the car windows of the Southern Railway system in going south from Washington, one is impressed with marks of a general improvement. Fences are in a better state of repair than they were eight years ago when I last visited Tuskegee. Barns are painted. Factories have been built and they seem to be busy. Long freight trains on sidings with their variety of machinery and general merchandise confirm the impression. Nowhere else in the section, however, is there any sight more inspiring in its promise for the future of the South than this work at Tuskegee Institute. It is the object lesson for the section. It tells the people what they should do and shows them by doing it. Every man and woman of the South, whatever his position in life or his complexion, must profit by contact with the burning intensity and the trained intelligence which marks the work of this little community. No statesman, whatever his prejudices, can leave the place after even a cursory examination of the work, without feeling that the nation should be doing throughout the country what private philanthropy is doing at Tuskegee. No farmer can see the system and study the details in stock-raising, dairying and general agriculture on most unresponsive soil without being a better man for the experience. Indeed, the annual conferences of the negro farmers are continued all the year round; for they come in for advice and other assistance whenever they find themselves confronted with agricultural or financial problems.

Three or four years ago, a colored farmer came to consult Doctor Washington. There was a small piece of land near the school, he said, which he thought of buying. It could be bought for a small sum with a merely nominal cash payment. He wanted to know whether the principal regarded it as a good investment. Doctor Washington advised him to buy. He explained that the crops from the land would bear all of the expenses of the place and pay the balance of the purchase money.

"You should bear in mind, too," said the principal impressively, "that as the school grows, all land in the vicinity will increase in value."

This year, in extending the organization of his farm work, the principal found that he needed a certain small piece of ground to square up some of the school lands. He instructed one of his assistants to learn who was the owner and at what price it could be bought. The report was handed in: the owner would call at the office the next morning.

Doctor Washington was astonished to receive a visit from the former purchaser of two or three years ago and the announcement that the land so eagerly sought by the school was the very plot concerning which they had consulted. The owner asked 500 per cent on his investment.

Doctor Washington expressed his amazement and declared the price set to be unreasonable.

"The school has grown and land has increased in value," retorted the owner stolidly. And he was obdurate. And so the bargain was made at his own figure.

That night Doctor Washington was very quiet and thoughtful, though several young people called to make a very charming evening for us. He did not confide his thoughts to me; but I suspected that he was reflecting how one black farmer neighbor had taken well to heart Booker T. Washington's famous talks on the necessity of negro development of those traits which have made the white man succeed in the world of work.

VERSES IN VARIOUS KEYS

LOVE SONGS

THE DIFFERENCE

MADGE had once, in days gone by,
Ere we wed and some time after,
Just as little sense as I;—

She was all for fun and laughter.

Now, when I come home to tea,
Madge seems quiet; fancies, maybe,
If she laughs and jokes with me,
I'm the one that wakes the baby.

LOVE'S DAWN

IN the olden time I knew
Her childhood's winsome way,
When we gathered the sweet wild
flowers—

My Flower of the May!

But the fleeting years went on,
Till it seemed—I scarce know why—
That her mood grew coy and strange,
And her looks were shy.

Then I deemed her heart was cold,
Till I saw, through the new disguise,
The depth of passionate love
In her soulful eyes.

THE BURIED BELLS

UPON a rock, deep down in midmost
ocean,

A time long since, some sweet-toned
bells were flung;
And, touched to music by the billows'
motion,
Their tremulous chimes to mariners
are rung.

So, in my heart a soft, low strain is
springing;

Across my life what music tones I hear;
A far off note of love today is ringing—
The memory bells of one sweet bygone
year.

Eugene C. Dolson

UN-WON

“WHY are your lips so red, so red?
And why your eyes so blue?”
She, laughing, tossed her dainty head,
“Oh! that is naught to you!”

“Your hair is like to burnished gold
A-glinting in the sun!
I would I had your hands to hold!”
“You have not either one!”

“Why is it that those lips to me
Not one kind word will say?”
“Oh wait, oh wait, young man, and see;
When they are won, they may!”

NO RING

THE village maidens look askance,
And pretty Clara sews alone;
There is no gladness in her glance,
Her heart weighs down her breast like
stone.

How hateful seems the branches' sway
Where mated robins nest and sing,
For Almer's ship is far away
And on her hand no wedding ring.

Such sewing is for happy wives,
And not for lasses such as she;
And dimly through her tears she strives
The garment's dainty hem to see.

And while the dreary May drags by
Her prayers go out across the foam,
That June will speed the good ship nigh
And bring her sailor lover home.

Oh! swift is now the needle's pace,
And blithely, too, the robins sing;
For Almer's ship has reached the place,
And he has brought the wedding ring.

I KNOW NOT WHY

AS toward our bridal home we rode,
My new-made happy bride and I;

We waited in the street to let
A little hearse go by.

A snow-white hearse, with burden small,
'T was naught of ours within it slept;
Yet as it passed, (I know not why)
My sweet bride's tears down swept.

Before us stretched a joyous way,
Yet, as that little hearse went by,
My sweet bride wept her foolish tears.
But I—I know not why!

A SHADOW

THERE is a something soft and still;
I hear it in the night,
And sometimes in the dewy dawn
Or at the noontide bright.

I feel its noiseless step behind,
But never on before;
It leaves no footprints on the grass,
Or in and out the door.

It follows, follows me, while soft
Its footfalls touch the ground,
A little child that never walked
Nor ever uttered sound.

Oh, wherefore follow, follow me?
Your little grave is green;
I keep the white memorial rose
Its two small stones between.

Is not high heaven wide enough
To yield you paths divine?
Are not the angels bosoms warm,
That you must seek for mine?

Cora A. Matson-Dolson



THIS MAN, THEY SAID, WAS FALSE

I

THIS man, they said, was "false,
For he loved many,—
Rather he seemed to love,
But loved not any."

They loved but one, and knew
No need of more;

Wherefore, when this man came,
They closed the door.

They loved the things that they
Could call their own,—
Wife, bairns, pipes, books—to love
Through usage grown.

II

Beauty was his desire
And his delight;
Beauty of sun by day,
Of stars by night;

Beauty of tone and color,
Curve and motion,—
Whether in laughing maid
Or angry ocean;

Beauty of soul serene
And sweet and strong:—
He knew no other test
Of right and wrong.

This was his crime—he came
At Beauty's call:
Where each one loved his own,
He loved them all.

III

'T was long ago, and he
Lies fast asleep,
With those who judged him, in
Their Maker's keep.

From the good, honest seed
Of their sane lives,
Sprang other multitudes
Of lords and wives;

From his existence naught
With us remains
Of kith or kin, or any
Worldly gains,—

Only some lawless songs
Young lovers cherish.
Strange! Time saves these, and lets
Grave doctrines perish!

Frank Putnam

Obadiah's Proposal

By *CARRIE HUNT LATTA*,

Author of "The Love Affairs of James Carrington, Jr."

OBADIAH WESTINGHOUSE hurried down the street through the falling snow. He swung his arms and beat his broad chest to keep warm.

When he reached a long, low house at the end of the street he went close to the door and listened. He heard voices within.

"Guess I'll peek," he whispered, stepping to a window from which a light streamed out.

There was one great room with a low ceiling, a bare floor and whitewashed walls. In one end of the room there was a cook stove, a table and a tall cupboard, the doors of which had panels of shiny, perforated tin. Numerous kitchen utensils adorned the walls, and hanging above the stove were festoons of popcorn and red peppers.

About the middle of the room was a wide fireplace with a high mantel, on which a tall clock, the door of which was adorned with a picture of Martha Washington, done in colors, ticked loudly.

At the far end of the room was a high bed covered with an orange-and-white quilt of the "pretty by night" pattern.

Opposite the fireplace there was a doorway which led into the tiniest of bedrooms. The bed was dressed in white and there were white ruffled curtains to the one little window. Over the bed a picture hung, a picture of a young man with long curls and dressed as a knight. He wore a hat with a plume and was gazing with a look of adoration into the face of a very tall young lady. He was on his knees and held one of the young lady's hands in both his own. Around this picture was a garland of autumn leaves and just under it was a

shelf on which there was a small vase filled with wild rose berries and winter-green with its dark green foliage.

Showing plainly that the room belonged to a girl.

Before the fireplace sat Barbara Ellis and her mother. Barbara, tall and strong, her black eyes blacker with excitement, was reading, in a very loud voice, to her mother, who was very deaf, from a paper which was "fully illustrated" with very large, very black pictures.

Obadiah viewed the scene with satisfaction.

"Barb'ry's a monstrous reader. Never a week passes she don't read *The Red Flame Weekly* clean through. Out loud, too."

He left the window and going to the door, knocked boldly. Scream after scream pierced the air, and Obadiah, with his face full of fear and wonder, opened the door and entered.

The two women had risen and were standing white faced and terror stricken. Mrs. Ellis was sending forth sharp, short screams with every breath.

"Was it a mouse, Barb'ry?" Obadiah asked. "Whur is it? I'll kill it."

He was taking off his boot to use it as a weapon when he caught sight of Barbara's face. There was a look of disdain in her eyes.

"A mouse, Obie? Well, I reckon not. I ain't afraid of no mouse."

He pulled his boot on and removed his hat. Mrs. Ellis dropped into a chair and sat, rocking very fast, with a look of disgust on her face. Barbara placed a chair before the fire.

"Set down, Obie, set down. Ain't it cold out tonight! So awful cold I

thought mother'd better not go to meet-in', though it ain't often she misses goin'. I was readin' to her. You see, I'd just got to where it said as how he sprung at his throat an' ketched him up to choke him to death—ugh! Just as you knocked an' I thought, wasn't it funny?"

"I couldn't think what ailed the two of you, Barb'ry. I seen you through the winder peaceful 'nough and the next thing I heard such screamin' as never was. I reckon,—"

"Did you come to stay all evenin', Obadiar?" Mrs. Ellis interrupted.

"I 'low I did, ef Barb'ry 'll let me."

"Well, then you'll have to put the paper away, Barb'ry, though I would like to know whether Lester Van Erincourt killed Montague Esthorpe er not. Of all the ketchin' an' holdin' stories I ever heard that's the ketchinest an' holdinest. How's your ma, Obie? The last time you come up she'd just been took with a crick in her back, an' I told Barb'ry that her aunt Loueasy, on her pa's side, that is her pore dear pa's sister, was took with a crick in her neck, which is 'most the same as a crick in her back, an' she died with typher fever the followin' Fall. I think it was in the Fall, yes, I know it was, because her father, that is, Barb'ry's gran'pa, was pickin' apples when they sent fer him, an' a bigger crop of apples I reckon as never was. Sech fine stripey Ben Davises, sech tastey russets an' sech sweet smellin' sheeps' noses, a whole cellar full, that is, after they was put in the cellar. An' Em'ly Hammer, born Tennant, first husband named Stuart an' second one Hammer, had come from Kansas to visit, though she couldn't afford it, and had brung her little boy, a cripple, a awful crippled up child, couldn't feed hisself, afterwards died. I never heard whether he was buried here er out in Kansas, but her sister's child, her as married her cousin,—I said, I reckon your ma's well, Obidiar. You ain't said whether she's well er not."

"She's middlin', only middlin'," he shouted. But he had the good sense to make his answers as short as possible.

"As I was sayin'," he went on, turning to Barbara, "this ain't much of a house, I reckon, bein' old an' of logs, but fer coolness in Summer an' fer warmness in Winter it can't be beat. This here old fireplace all full o' logs of a cold evenin' like this warms me clean through an' makes my insides plum glad."

"It's home, anyhow," the girl answered, looking from one end of the room to the other. "And," she added, "the firelight makes it so cheery like. Which do you like best, Obie, firelight, moonlight er daylight?"

He rubbed his forehead reflectively.

"Well, ef it's cold, th' firelight. Ef I'm out walkin' with a girl, moonlight. But ef I'm workin', daylight."

He turned to her with a look of triumph as if he thought he had given her a wonderfully smart answer. She looked steadily into the fire and made no reply.

"Thinkin' it over," he went on, "b'leeve I like daylight best. You see I've always been more er less fearsome. I guess it's because Ben an' Dave used to scare me so. Dave'd say, 'I seen a bear behind th' woodpile this mornin'.' An' Ben'd say, 'I seen him, too. I've seen bigger, grizzler bears 'n that 'n but never sech a big brown 'n.' An' there I set, shiverin', with my hair raisin' an' Ben'd say, 'Ma, hadn't Obie better fetch th' wood in afore it rains? An' Ma'd say 'yes,' never knowin', an' then th' boys'd slip out an' nearly scare me into fits. That's what makes me so fearsome, I know it is."

"I ain't afraid of nothin'," Barbara answered, holding her hands out to the fire. "I reckon it's because I never had no brothers."

"But you was scared tonight, Barb'ry, you know you was."

"No I wasn't, Obie. I was startled. Ma done the screamin'."

"Well, I know you ain't a coward. I ust to watch you on prayer meetin' night go home by yourself. I wanted to fetch you, but this is th' lonesomest street in town, an' I knowed I'd be afraid to go home. I always carry a few rocks in my pockets, jest to be on the safe side, you know. W'y, what I come fer, Barb'ry, was to tell you that I got my horse an' dray paid fer, paid th' last cent last evenin' an' bein's it's th' only dray in town, I bet I make money. Of course it's only folks in stories as gets so awful rich, but I bet I make money. I was thinkin'—"

"What's Obidiar sayin', Barb'ry?" Mrs. Ellis asked, tucking the paper from which her daughter had been reading under the cushion of her chair. "I wish to goodness gracious," she went on peevishly, "a eye doctor'd come along. Now here I can't see to read whether he was choked er not. What a awful thing it'd been to be born blind, like Ike Swiggert, but they do say as it was a punishment sent on his pa an' ma' fer bein' so high an' mighty an' lookin' down on th' pore an' needy an' breakin' up well off two er three times. I don't know whether it's so er not, but I don't b'leeve one has to wait till he dies to git proper punishment, but gits it right here on earth. But I do know that your pa's first cousin, Barb'ry, the one as had his arm shot off in th' army—though what anybody wanted to shoot at sech a harmless, well meanin' man fer I'm sure I don't know. He come near dyin',—but what was Obadiar sayin'?"

"He was tellin' me that he's got his horse an' dray paid fer an' thinks he'll make money. But as I was a-sayin', Obie, ain't it queer they never put pore folks in stories? All the stories I ever read was 'bout rich folks; or, if they was jest a little bit pore in th' commencin' of the story they got rich suddint. An' all th' men have sech tall, manly figgers an' all th' wimmin have sech lily white

hands. I don't expect I'll ever have no romancin'. I ain't got money er white hands neither one."

"But your ma gits a pension, an' you've got nice big hands, Barb'ry," he answered gallantly.

"I ust to wash 'em in things to make 'em white, but I don't no more. Now I do with 'em jest whatever they is to do. I think doin' th' milkin' of a cold mornin' does more to make 'em purplish than anything else. I scuffed 'em up c'nsid'able this mornin' puttin' hinges on th' cow shed door. I ain't no great shakes at carpenterin'. I—"

"Barb'ry, talk louder. Ef I can't be read to an' can't see to read, I'd ought to be 'lowed to know what's bein' said. It's awful to have th' five talents cut down to three, an' this thing of bein' deaf is hard enough to bear without havin' secrets told under my very nose. Oh dear! I'll set so's I can see your jaws move. Mebby that-a-way I can git a word now an' then."

She jerked her chair so that she almost faced the two.

"We ain't talkin' secrets, ma. We ain't got any. I was jest sayin' as how I couldn't carpenter work much."

"You'd ought to be ashamed to tell it, Barb'ry. W'y, after your pa come home from th' army he took up carpenterin', jest come natural to him. Precious few mistakes he made ef he didn't never take no lessons. W'y, th' first carpenterin' work he done was to build a house, a whole house. An' he only made one mistake, fergot th' stair-steps. When th' house was done an' Jabez Templin come home, he'd been called to Ioway to the buryin' of his wife's father an' had left th' buildin' in your pa's hands, he says, 'How do I git up stairs? Whur's th' sta'rway? An' your pa says, 'I plum fergot it, Jabe.' Well, they moved into th' house an' the follerin' spring your pa run a little set o' steps up on th' outside an' they was so pleased. Covered 'em

over so it was so much better'n th' ladder they 'd been usin', 'specially in bad weather. Speakin' of covers, I wish I had th' pattern of that quilt I seen on Jane Stearns' bed th' day of th' funeral there. I never seen sech a purty quilt, never. You could sew on it, Barb'ry, after we'd read th' paper through ever' week. I do jest wonder ef Lester Van Erincourt killed Montague what's-his-name er not? Ef ever a man needed killin' it was that Montague, bein' so deceivin', if han'some; but they might 'a' hung Lester fer it an' that would 'a' been a pity, as he was a uncommon nice man. Your pa got a ticket to a hangin' once, Barb'ry. He aimed to go, but we was expectin' you, or a brother to you, so I thought he'd better stay to home, though I would liked to a' heard about a hangin' from somebody as had seen it with his own eyes. I always had some hard feelin's towards Jim Seely, him as was sheriff an' done th' invitin', fer not sendin' me a invite, when he was one of them three as I've often told you about that was scratchin' over me when your pa, Barb'ry, stepped in an' won me to th' marriage rail. But Jim didn't write none in th' invite, except down in one corner he says, in red ink, 'worse things can happen to a man than hangin',' an' whatever he meant by that I'm sure I don't know, as I should think that nothin' could make a man feel so disgraced he couldn't face his friends as hangin'. What's Obadiar sayin'?"

"He's sayin'," the girl answered, with a bit more color in her cheeks, "as how this is sech a comfortable room, an' how well he likes to come here to set of an evenin'."

"An' why not? With a good hot fire an' enough pension money to buy more wood when this is all gone—th' government does tol'ably well by me to give me a livin' even if it is a small one. But your pa only fit four months, when he was shot through the knee. I was sort

o' shamed of his limp till he got his pension. It taught me as we pore mortals must take th' bitter with th' sweet. Oh me! But now the pore dear man don't have to limp no more but flies 'round on wings of light, because th' Babtis' preacher as held th' pertracted meetin' when Job Rice was converted, an' a meaner man er a bigger surprise never was, an' when I went to th' babtizin' that night, they put him right under 'fore they was any chance to change his mind; an' when th' preacher an' th' sexton broke th' ice I says to myself, 'I'm glad the water's icy. Job, he needs it.' An' I felt like goin' to th' preacher an' advisin' him to hold him under fer a spell, but I reckon it wouldn't done no good, as it wasn't a month till he was back in his old ways, jest as I told him he'd be th' very next day after th' babtizin'. But I always thought an' I always will think that when they got that man in th' notion of bein' put in th' water, they ought to used warm rain water an' made it soapy, as I 'low it'd been at least sixty year sence,—what did Obadiar jest say, Barb'ry?"

Barbara kept her head turned away as she spoke.

"He was sayin' how — purty — my — hair is.

"An' why not? Didn't I, frum th' time you had any hair till you was growed up, trim it ever' new moon? An' once a month in summer time didn't I wash it in soft water with a egg beat in it? An' in winter time didn't I clean it with coal oil tel it jest shone? 'Tain't ever'body as can clean hair with coal oil, danger of fire, fer two years ago comin' Christmas Susie Stone was goin' to a party an' wanted to look particular nice, though how she could expect to when her nose is allers so red an' her eyes squint so, though she can't help it, pore thing, when she's got as homely a pa an' ma as ever entered th' kingdom together. They died within a day o' each other an'

was buried together an' has one stone fer both, an' I always did think as th' children done it to save, an' I want you to see to it, Barb'ry, as when th' trumpet soundeth fer me, as I've got a stone of my own an' ain't dependin' on nobody else's fer my name an' address. Do talk louder, Obidiar. You set an' whisper—what?"

The young man cleared his throat and blushed red. He pushed his hair from his perspiring brow as he spoke.

"I was sayin' to Barb'ry as how, now I'd got my horse an' dray paid fer an' as how she couldn't leave you, an' this is sech a comfortable place to live in anyhow an' it don't cost much more to keep two as it does fer one,—"

"That's summat as Jim Seely, him as was sheriff an' done th' invitin' to th' hangin' begun, but never got finished, fer somethin', I don't remember what, happened to bother so's he didn't git to ask me to marry him after all, though a man worse in love—but I reckon, Barb'ry, as how you'll never have th' many love 'periences like I did; but never mind, as we're layin' by a little to keep you after I'm dead an' gone, pervidin' you don't live too long. You ain't got any style ner fashion 'bout you, an' men does like fashion. When I was your age, Barb'ry, I had three beaux, fine, manly fellers with figgers like Lester Van Erincourt, all of them scratchin' each other's eyes out to get me. I did hear as one of 'em, th' very one as swore he'd kill himself if I didn't give him a lock of my hair, told your pa a long time afterward, when he'd got mad at him over a job of carpenterin', as how he hoped he'd been happy with that long tongued vixen he thought he'd been so smart gettin', but he never said it in th' world, fer I asked your pa an' he shuk his head an' says what was I tryin' to stir up a fuss fer? What you got hold of Barb'ry's hands fer, Obidiar?"

The girl drew her hands away quickly.

"Oh mother," she said protestingly.

"Well, I never could bear to see sech lovin' dovein' goin' on 'less I know what it's about. I can truthful say that nothin' like holdin' hands ever happened to me when I was a girl, though I will say that as many as four fine, han'some fellers tried to kiss me once at a party or a house warmin', I don't know which. But I was light colored an' wore my hair in curls, an' wasn't big an' heavy like you, Barb'ry. I wish you'd wear curls. I read a piece once 'bout a girl with a real ugly face marryin' a earl or a prince jest because she had curls. Speak out, Barb'ry, ef you've got somethin' on your mind."

The girl covered her face with her hands. The tears trickled between her fingers and fell to her dress. Her mother rose and stood near her, awe-struck, while Obadiar, with his hands in his pockets, stood near, looking worried and uncomfortable.

"Whatever ails you, Barb'ry, honey? I ain't seen you cry in years. I'm sure I ain't said nothin' as could made you cry. Obadiar, ef you've said er done whatsumever to hurt her feelin's I 'low you'd better take your hat an' clear out. Once when I was young—"

The girl lifted her tear-stained face.

"Mother, do let Obie alone. I never was so put to in my life. I never 'pected no romancin', but I thought if there ever was any it'd be different. I thought ef a man ever perposed, ef it was in th' house he'd get down on his knees an' git pale an' 'xcited. Or ef it was out of doors it'd be moonlight, an' th' wind 'd be blowin' soft-like among the trees, an' th' air would be sweet with th' smell of flowers, an' th' water at the fountain 'd make sweet music. Oh, oh!"

Obadiar looked completely dumb-founded. He put his hand out and patted her head consolingly.

"Aw now, Barb'ry, I didn't know how you wanted it done. I can't look pale.

I was some excited when I come this evenin' an' heard your ma screamin'. As to th' flowers an' moonlight an' birds, why, Barb'ry, it's th' twelfth of December an' colder'n blixen out o' doors. An' as to water tricklin' at a fountain, they ain't no fountain closer 'n that one in the park in th' city, close to seventy miles away, an' I 'low th' water's all shet off of that so's it won't freeze an' bust. Aw Barb'ry, won't you have me fer anyhow?"

The girl made no reply. Her mother was staring into the fire with thoughtful eyes. Now and then she turned to look at her daughter, who sat with bowed head and trembling lips.

"Barb'ry," she said, after a silence, "wherever did you ever git sech high falutin' idys? I'm sure I never put 'em in your head. Didn't I ever tell you how your pa perposed to me? I'd orto, then you'd knowed better. It was at a basket meetin', and when th' preacher was done preachin' an' everybody 'd got their dinners et, and they was more preachin' an' a prayer an' a good exhortin' hymn er two, I fetched up my horse to the stile, an' somehow I either got too close to th' horse er she got too close to me, fer when I went to get on I jumped clean over her an' set on th' ground on th' other side. Your pa, I mean Hiram Ellis, run an' helped me up an' he says 'Huldah, you pore thing, you need somebody to put you on your horse an' hold you there fer life, an' can't I be him,' 'er words to that effect. I don't jest remember what all I said, but they was a yes among it, so we was married that same year. An' all this talk about people on their knees an' moonlight,—gracious goodness, Barb'ry Ellis, whur on earth did you hear of th' like?"

Obadiah motioned to Mrs. Ellis and led her to the far end of the room. He whispered something in her ear.

"What?" she said impatiently.

Again he whispered.

"I ain't heered a sound."

With a look of desperation in his eyes he put his lips to her ear and yelled:

"Th' Red Flame Weekly."

She turned and walked slowly toward the fire.

"Well, well! I shouldn't wonder. Come to think of it, all th' perposals Barb'ry's ever read about has been like she says. Or," she added mysteriously, "they 'loped. I reckon they was a perposal, but they's never much time fer a perposal when they's a 'loperment. Well, well!"

Obadiah stood looking gloomily out at the window. The night was dark and the wind howled around the little house. He felt wretched and ill at ease.

Then he turned. Before him was the long, clean room, cheerful with the great open fire. And Barbara, bright eyed and strong. He went to where she sat.

"Barb'ry," he whispered, leaning over her, "no matter howsumever I asks you to marry me, I can't love you no better than I do now."

She made no reply.

Taking one of her hands in both of his he spoke earnestly:

"Barb'ry, you asked me a while ago which I liked best, firelight, moonlight er daylight? Aw Barb'ry, my purty girl, you're all them things to me. An' sun-light besides. An' if you don't love me things 'll all be dark. No firelight, no moonlight, no daylight, no sunlight. Won't you, Barb'ry?"

She lifted her face. It was wet with tears but her eyes were bright and she was smiling.

"It's all right, Obie. I don't care nothing 'bout your getting down on your knees, er moonlight, er nothing—so long as you love me."

As he leaned over to kiss her Mrs. Ellis rose sharply and pushed her chair back noisily.

"Well, I can't hear how things is goin'. It's time all honest folks was in

bed an' if I don't git there purty soon I'll be tuk again like I was one time when I set up late of a cold winter night 'bout 'leven years ago, when Lucy Emmons come here an' fetched her sick baby as died the next winter from croup on 'count of Lucy takin' off a heavy flannel skirt so's to put a embroidery trimmed one on, so's to go to the weddin' of her step-brother's sister, an' the weather hadn't been so cold fer twenty years an' our thermom'ter, th' one as hangs yet on th' milk house door, froze an' busted,—why, Obadiar Westinghouse!"

He looked up and grinned sheepishly.

"I don't care, Mis Ellis. I might as well git ust to kissin' Barb'ry afore you, 'cause I'm goin' to do a heap of it."

Barbara gave him his hat.

"Goodnight, Obie. I don't care if mother does see," she said, laughing

bashfully, as she drew the tall fellow down and kissed his lips.

"An' Obie," she called after him as he went out at the door, "come back soon,—tomorry night."

Mrs. Ellis hurried to the door and pushed her daughter aside.

"I hope, Obadiar," she called, "as you'll make as good an' obedient son-in-law as Barb'ry's pore, dear pa did. I've heard my mother, a angel bright an' fair these many years, say as how he always done whatever she asked him to do, no matter what it was, an' one time he—"

"Goodnight, Barb'ry, sweetheart," a voice from the darkness called.

"Goodnight, Obie, my man," Barbara's voice answered sweet and clear.

"Barb'ry, he never even asked me fer you. Obidiar Westinghouse you can't—"

But Barbara closed the door and was running joyously to place the lamp in the window to light her lover on his way.

INTER-PINES

FAR from the fevered fret of trade and town,

Far from the noontide's pulsing hum and heat,

Past stream and stile, up shaly slope and down,

A dim path winds

And, winding, finds

Deep in the pines a clustering retreat

Where ripened cones and needles crisp and brown

Outspread a fragrant carpet for the feet.

Like ancient monks, uplifting priestly arms

High overhead in blessings, murmured low,

The pine trees stand; and all life's vain alarms,

Its wild unrest

Of brain and breast,

Speed swift as blooms when winds of Autumn blow,

And in their stead, as silence after storms,

Glides gentle peace with noiseless tread and slow.

The cravings keen for all the vain may vaunt,

The tense desires for worldly power and place,

Find sweet surcease within this holy haunt

Where, spreading wings

From sordid things,

The soul mounts upward for a fleeting space

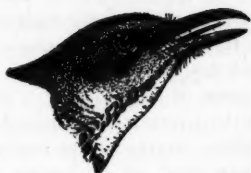
While winds and pines lift grand cathedral chaunt,

And meets its God and Maker face to face.

Hilton R. Greer

Our National Pets

By *FELIX L. OSWALD*



HEAD OF THE BROWN THRUSH

AVALON, "the paradise of birds and butterflies," may have been a synonyme of the American continent; and a Belgian naturalist of my acquaintance, who saw a collection of New England red-birds in the Brussels Zoo park, was surprised to learn that all the varieties of that splendid species have escaped idolatry.

"Their pets must be worth seeing," he remarked, "if they can afford to neglect such marvels."

The list of competitors includes, indeed, some of nature's masterpieces in polychromatics, but the factors of popularity are not limited to color effects. The grandest of our winged aborigines is certainly the crested kingfisher, but it happens to be also one of the shyest. In the scale of social estimation, mistrust outweighs many merits; pet-lovers appreciate a vote of confidence. All things considered, the world prefers a trustful tramp to a misanthropic moralist, and the past master of that confidence game, the English sparrow, has hopped in to solve the problem of survival where birds of paradise would fear to tread.

A combination of tameness with a tan colored jacket and a moderate share of musical talents, has thus made our "robin" a universal favorite. It does not matter that he is really no robin at all. When Audubon called attention to the popular mistake, its consequences were past mending, and our migratory thrush had inherited the prestige of the plucky little warbler that braves the winter climate of western Europe, substituting on hope and hedge litter, for months together, unless his protector allows him to share the privileges of the barnyard pets.

His American namesake declines such risks. Vast swarms of robin-thrushes haunt the cedar forests of northern Alabama in November, and a month later overtake the season of comfort in southern Mexico, where they hobnob with weaver birds and purple finches in the mountain park of Dictator Diaz.

The facilities for weather prediction are, however, somewhat primitive in the land of our next neighbor, and the robin occasionally blunders in timing his return. Pioneers of the spring pilgrimage not rarely arrive in March, weeks before the promise of thaw weather can be trusted in our northern states. How they subsist is a riddle, but the probability is that, like prize babies, subjected to a hygienic fasting cure, they can make shift with their organic resources, for a while. When opportunity becomes liberal, they certainly lose no time in establishing a reserve fund of adipose tissue. Judging from actual experiments, a Philadelphia pet dealer expresses a conviction that a young robin can eat twice its own weight in twentyfour hours.

According to Cosmo de Medici, poets should be fed, not fattened, and the champion vocalist of our north woods, the



THE SOUTHERN MOCKING BIRD



A LOST PET, THE WILD PIGEON

brown song thrush, or northern mocking bird, invokes the muses with a persistence that must lengthen the intervals of his meals, as well as drinks. Perched on the top branch of some lonely forest tree, he will pour forth his symphonies for hours together, yielding only to the glare of the noonday sun, but recommence in the cool of the evening—

"Nor cease to sing till daylight is no more."

He need not roam in quest of an audience. The first explorers of our continent stood spellbound at the overtures of his impassioned anthems, and the very pot hunters of our Italian mining camps hesitate to interrupt his hymns, but pause in wonder, and then steal off on tiptoes, to day-dream of the far off Apennines.

An enthusiast of the New Hampshire Game Law Association proposes to make his slaughter a felony; but the highest tribute to his talents is paid by the Holland settlers of northern Michigan, who call him the *song vogel*—"the song bird," par excellence.

His conquerer, the southern mocking bird, barely equals the power and sweetness of his voice, but excels him in versatility and in the gift of attracting attention. He will dance, flutter and soar in the excitement of his inspiration fits, and is, in the literal sense, a nightingale, a virtuoso in moonlight serenades. Sounds travel surprisingly, after sunset, but the *minus polyglottos* contrives to export only his original compositions; his occasional attempts at mimicry being uttered in a minor key, and often, as it were, in whispers, in the tentative chirps of a private rehearsal. "What's that little owl whimpering about?" thinks the master singer; "it does sound pretty, from a distance; let's see if I can't imitate it, anyhow, or amend it with a few variations." Then a pause, followed by a sudden crescendo, as if the performer were rousing himself from an interact reverie.

Heard at close range, these intermezzos, mingled perhaps with cat calls and parodies of puppy yelps, have a disturbing effect, but the traveler Wartegg, a good judge of woodland concerts, admits that the European nightingale is not only outdone but outclassed. "It is the difference of a Chopinesque fantasy and a first class barrel organ tune," he says; "hear any nightingale for five minutes and you have heard them all; the mocking bird never repeats himself. His infinite repertoire of flute calls and warbles is varied and new—combined in a manner that makes his improvisation a constant surprise."

Genius is rarely a model housekeeper, though Mrs. Hemans is said to have been an exception,—and the mocking bird is rather a negligent nest builder.

Nor does he care to use the same nest tree twice, and it needs a good deal of petting to insure his yearly return to the same tree garden. He feels too sure of finding a welcome anywhere, and, by way of experiment, may any year transfer his headquarters from the magnolia grove of an aristocratic mansion to the plum tree hedge of a poor darkey, who can reciprocate the compliment only by caging his cat.



THE BOBOLINK

The taboo that protects certain birds and quad-

rupeds of the old world, has not benefited any species of American swallows, with the occasional exception of the Virginia martin, but shields the little slate colored dove, that flits pairwise about lonely hillsides and neglected fields. Dixie squatters who would not have the slightest hesitation about feasting on robin stews, will inform you that it brings bad luck to kill a dove, ("pigeon," they are apt to call it) and it would be well if the same immunity could be extended to the few remaining specimens of the true forest pigeon. The winged wanderers that once darkened the sun with their countless swarms, became suddenly scarce, some twenty years ago; so much so, indeed, that the custodian of the Smithsonian Institute has almost renounced the hope of procuring a live specimen. Small flocks have been seen near Port Sanilac, Michigan, and in northern Wisconsin, here and there, but they have become as shy as tar-feathered Mormons, and may soon seek refuge in the wilderness of British North America. If a pair could be caught alive, they should be accommodated with an extra good aviary, or sent to Venice, where thousands of pigeons are harbored as public pets.

The oriole and the bobolink will take care of themselves. They migrate too early to raise more than one brood a year, but are masters in the art of nest hiding, and just shy enough to evade the inconveniences of popularity.

"The same hanging bird (oriole) has hatched in our grove every year, since we lived here," said a Pennsylvania farmer, "and the boys have never bothered the nest. And what's still better," he added with a chuckle, "they can't come near it,—a leaf shrouded bag suspended at the extremity of a swaying top branch that would not bear up the weight of Tom Thumb."

Quadruped worship has never been a foible of the Caucasian race outside of Hindostan, where millions of four-footers enjoy privileges that would make an American tramp turn sick with envy. Still, Professor Shields' appeals in behalf of the gray squirrel have not been wholly in vain, and multitudes of the nimble little scamps now enjoy the freedom of the city in Richmond, Virginia; Springfield, Massachusetts, and in scores of game preserves and public parks, all over the country, as far west as Oregon, where they have a formidable rival in the timber mink. That pet of western lumbermen is about the liveliest creature of its size, but owes its local prestige chiefly to its fighting propensity. At a tap intimating his owner's permission, he will pop out of his cage and fly straight at competitors ten times his weight: cur dogs, woodchucks and shanghai roosters; but after getting them clearly at his mercy, will consent to a reprieve, and with a sudden change of program, frolic on his master's lap like a pet kitten.

"Marten" the Oregon squatters call him, with a recourse to an old English word, and to get an excuse for the establishment of a "martin box." Martin swallows are not in it—for a supply of creature comforts and protection against climatic vicissitudes.



THE CAROLINA PAROQUET

AN ASSISTED EMIGRANT, THE
ENGLISH SPARROW



THE WESTERN PINE MARTEN

The southwestern prairie dog owes a similar patronage to the absence of competition. In the occasional presence of owls and cave serpents he carries all votes; and the species may happen to survive all rivals whatever. Centuries—ages perhaps—after the predicted disappearance of our forests has reduced the fauna of the Atlantic coast lands to stable dwellers, the little freeholder of the plains will preserve his independence. His burrowing talent alone would almost suffice to defy extermination; but, moreover, his capacity for dispensing with drinking water exceeds that of a Kentucky brigadier. He is, in fact, almost drought proof, and holds the trump card of the struggle for existence by being able to survive where his persecutors would perish.

The Blood Red Hoodoo

By F. G. MOORHEAD

I.

WHEN Judge Baily wore a red carnation in his buttonhole, it was a bad day for the prisoners in the county jail. There was a well founded rumor in the iron barred basement of the court house that the "blood red hoodoo," as the carnation was called, never failed to get the accused a longer term than if the judge's coat was without its floral adornment.

"Has he got it on today?" was invariably the first question asked Jailer Clint Strong, when that worthy unbarred the steel doors to take the day's squad up into court.

"Yep," laconically replied Clint. The mutterings of the prisoners were equally monosyllabic and would have pained the pretty Salvation Army lass who sang to the prisoners every Sunday.

Judge Baily was naturally a stern man. There was no sympathy in his makeup for crime, its causes or results. One year out of each term of four years he served on the criminal bench, and woe to the offenders of that twelvemonth.

There is a story which goes the rounds of the green bag fraternity that on one occasion old Judge Horton remonstrated with Baily for his severity. No other man ever took such a liberty, neither has Horton since; but he was on the bench when Baily was admitted and he felt a fatherly interest in all the boys.

"Don't you think, Baily, you're just a trifle too severe at times?" inquired Horton one day, the day after Baily had sent Shankley, the holdup man, to the penitentiary for thirty years, after the man had pleaded guilty. "Remember, the world wasn't all brought up in the same surroundings we were."

Just what Baily did has never become exactly known. In after years Horton said his young confrere simply looked at him full two minutes, without a quiver, then picked up his hat and left the room, without a word. Baily never spoke of the affair to any person, but there was no change in his policy thereafter.

The prisoners' legend had its basis in fact. The sternness of the judge's nature seemed to find expression in his bou-

tonniere. On an average of four mornings a week he would stop at a little flower shop, a block from the court house, and, throwing down a dime, would select a blood red carnation and fasten it in the lapel of his coat. Those were the days the prisoners feared, and rightly. It was as if the judge wore the flower as a symbol of blood for blood. The prisoners would have preferred no law of compensation had it been left to them. Possibly, if a woman's hand had pinned the carnation on, it would have been different, but Baily lived alone with his law books.

"Beaver, Red Mike, Beall," called out Jailer Strong one morning of the May term of court, as he swung back the door of the government cage (as the strongest cage was called) and read off the names of the day's defendants.

"It's up to us, boys," growled Beaver, as he got up from the corner of the cage where he was smoking a stubby clay pipe.

"Is it on today?" snarled Red Mike, who had been up before Baily before.

"Yep," replied the jailor, as he slammed the bars shut.

"Hell," laconically replied Mike; "I'm a goner."

Over in one corner of the cage a young, beardless boy, not more than eighteen years old, sat on a cot. He paid no attention to the jailor or his companions, but with great, mournful eyes stared ahead of him.

"Beall, Beall," sharply cried the jailor.

The boy sat unmoved; the jailor shook him by the arm.

"Come on, get a move on you; it's sentence day."

Beall shook slightly, then arose and joined the waiting pair.

"Pull yourself together, lad," called out Benton, who had been sent up for six years the day before, and was only awaiting the mittimus that would take him to the penitentiary. "Cheer up, your folks have a pull, you'll get out all right."

"It's a lot you know about it," snorted the jailor, sarcastically.

"He didn't have the hoodoo on yesterday, that's why you've got no kick comin'," said Beaver to Benton, as jailor and deputy sheriffs marched the trio upstairs.

Judge Baily sat on the bench waiting for the prisoners. The criminal calendar lay outspread before him, the judge's glasses were tipped back on his forehead and in his buttonhole reposed the fatal carnation.

"State of Iowa versus McAndrew," announced the judge. There was silence in the room.

"Is Mr. McAndrew here?" and Judge Baily frowned on the jailor. His voice cut through the air like a knife. There was neither pity nor sympathy in it.

"Hell, that's me," blurted Red Mike to Beaver; "I ain't used to this style. 'Mr. McAndrew',—I didn't know who he meant."

McAndrew rose and stood before the court. Judge Baily lowered his glasses and studied the calendar.

"McAndrew, you were indicted by the grand jury of this county on the charge of breaking and entering, to which you entered a plea of not guilty. You were tried and convicted and are now before me for sentence. What have you to say why judgment should not now be pronounced?"

Red Mike cleared his throat and stammered: "I hope you'll be as easy as possible, Judge—"

Judge Baily frowned on the man.

"You were up before me four years ago. You don't show much desire to reform. It's the judgment and order of this court that you be confined in the penitentiary at Fort Madison, at hard labor, for a period of nine years and pay the costs of this action."

"He's soaking 'em hard today," said a deputy sheriff, as he led Red Mike back to jail.

"State of Iowa versus Beall," announced Judge Baily, turning a page of the criminal calendar. The boy stood before the court, leaning heavily against the bench. Over in one corner of the bar enclosure an aged woman, with a faded gray shawl thrown over her shoulders, leaned her head in her arms and sobbed piteously. It was Beall's mother.

The court habitués craned their necks and moved uneasily. The newspapers had featured young Beall's case. His picture had appeared in two of the dailies. He was accused of stealing a ring from a pawnbroker; it was a ring he had pawned a month before, (his mother gave it to him, he said on the trial) and he had been unable to redeem it. The Beall family was an old and respected one, poor now, through the over-honesty of the father, but none stood higher in the community. It was an elder Beall (the lad's uncle) who had first nominated Baily for judge. It was the prisoner's father who had stumped the county for him first.

"Mr. Beall, you have been found guilty of grand larceny and are up for sentence; what have you to say for yourself?"

Beall's attorney interposed and eloquently pleaded for the lad. It was his first offence; sentiment entered into the crime, he had already learned his lesson well. Beall leaned against the table, now and then swaying, as if about to fall.

"For the sake of his aged mother, as she sits there, her heart torn and mangled; as she goes down on her knees night after night to pray for the boy that is still her hope and faith and in whom her mother's love—"

Mrs. Beall glanced up through her tears. There was hope shining back of the clouds of grief. Judge Baily interrupted the lawyer.

"I'm sorry for the mother; the boy has done wrong. I must punish him for it. Tears do not atone for crime. If

they did I would not need to sit here."

The mother dropped her head in her arms and sobbed quietly.

"Beall, I'm sorry for you; but I have my duty to perform. It is the judgment and order of this court that you be confined in the penitentiary at Fort Madison, at hard labor, for a period of ten years, and pay the costs of this action."

There was a commotion at the bench. Beall swayed and slipped to the floor. He had fainted.

"By God, but that's stiff," whispered the clerk to his deputy. Then silence prevailed, ominous, severe, threatening.

As her boy's fate was pronounced and he slipped to the floor, an inert mass of repentance, Mrs. Beall raised her head and glanced through her tears. Just for a moment. Then with a sob and a choking cry she sprang forward and pillowed her boy's head on her knee. She stroked his forehead and rained kisses on his lips, those mute lips that made no response.

A moment or two she crouched there. Then dropping her boy so his head hit the floor she sprang erect and faced the judge.

"This is your work, Judge Baily, this is your work. May you never forget it; may your heart break some day as mine is breaking now. May your mother—may your mother—"

The woman's voice broke.

"Curse you, judge, may my boy's life and liberty—"

The woman swayed. Judge Baily's voice cut through the room, keen and penetrating.

"Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court. The Beaver case is continued until two o'clock. Take Beall to Fort Madison at once. Adjourn court until two o'clock."

And Judge Baily walked down from the bench with a firm stride and went to his room, the door of which shut behind him with a sharp click.

II

The Iowa state house surmounts a long hill and commands a view of the entire capital city. Its gilded dome, rising majestically above the imposing pile of brick and stone, is visible for miles around and forms a landmark for most of the county. Up a long hill from the river, the trolley cars purr monotonously. At times, however, they break over, and, losing their temper, spit fire as the trolley wheel whirrs impatiently along, only to subside into the steady grind that takes the sightseers or capitol habitues to their goal.

Inhabitants of the capital city have a seldom failing sign by which strangers and first visitors are recognized. The east facade of the state house frowns down on Capitol Hill and the city lying outstretched before and beneath it and is reached by a couple of hundred stone steps, which the visitor must climb laboriously. These steps wind even the prairie hardened ruralites who form the majority of Iowa's population. But the street cars turn as they reach the state house, and, skirting around the north side of the building, pass another entrance reached by less than fifty steps. The first visitor invariably alights and painfully toils up the east steps, while the native and second-time visitor chuckles, rides around to the northern and easier steps and from the quickly gained corridors watches the panting stranger.

The lights in the lamps which border the state house walks were burning cheerfully the night that young Beall had been sentenced in the district court. The night was yet young, but the state house was deserted by all save the governor, who was at work alone in his private office, and his faithful negro bodyguard, who sat in an adjoining room, reading *The Bystander*, the local organ of his race, and picturing further political honors for the future.

A trolley car climbed Capitol Hill, and Judge Baily, sitting by a window, looked out over the city. He saw the monument erected to the state's soldiers and sailors, men who had put duty above self and had given up their lives in the sacrifice. Then he saw the church which tops the hill with the state house, the church whose priests had blazed paths through Iowa when the state was only a vast wilderness lying between two great rivers, and courts and capitols were to it unknown. The car turned the corner sharply and the judge sprang to his feet.

"Going to the state house, Judge?" inquired the conductor, proud of a speaking acquaintance with one of the notables of the city.

"Yes, let me off here."

"Better go around to the steps, as usual."

"No, I'll stop here, tonight."

The car stopped, and, putting his foot down to the ground, shattering precedent and municipal pride, the judge alighted and started his climb. Halfway up he stopped, and sitting down on the stone seats that surmount a flight of steps, he looked down on the light-flashing city. He looked over to the Savery hotel, that haunt of politicians and Mecca of statesmen, which controls the destiny of Iowa more than does the capitol itself. He knew the delegates and party leaders were gathering there already for the state convention to be held in a couple of days. He should be there himself; he and the governor were probably the only two candidates not there. Then he looked over at the monument again and at the filmy white clouds as they floated in the sky, and he arose and completed his climb, as one who had looked out and down into the past and found only a memory.

"Good evening, Judge Baily, I didn't hear yuh coming. Yuh most took me by surprise, yuh did," and the governor's

servant rose from his chair and bowed low to the judge.

"Good evening, Billy, is the governor in?"

"Yes, suh, I'll tell him."

"Show him in," came the ready response from the governor, and Judge Baily entered the private office, where the governor sat in his shirt sleeves, figuring up a column which looked suspiciously like the delegate call.

"I knew I'd find you here," was the reply of the judge as he entered and the door swung to behind him.

"But I supposed you'd be at the Savery, said the governor, with just the slightest trace of a smile.

"I may go there later,—it depends on you," said Judge Baily as he sat down, and pulling his chair up to the governor's desk, said:

"I want something."

The governor looked at him anxiously.

"So do I," he replied, "I not only want it, I need it."

"I want a pardon," said the judge, never for a moment forgetting the business at hand.

"Well, I expect I've pardoned many a worse man than you," and the governor reflectively bit the tip off a cigar.

"I've thought so at times." The judge's eyes flashed fire. "But I'm very serious. I want a pardon for Fred Beall."

"What?" and the governor spun around in his chair. "Not the man you sentenced today to ten years in the penitentiary, and about whom The Capital has a story tonight?"

"The same; and I not only want the pardon, but I must have it."

"But you say yourself the man is guilty."

"He is guilty, but not bad; his mother will save him yet."

"But you know my pardon record and the trouble—"

"I want the pardon."

"Man alive, a pardon from me now means defeat. You know well enough my record and how the opposition is attacking it. Another pardon this week would surpass all forbearance."

"I want the pardon," calmly repeated the judge, never moving in his chair.

"But the pardon means my defeat."

"It means your election."

Judge Baily leaned forward and laid his hand on the governor's knee. The latter stopped in his chair-whirl and sat amazed.

"You mean—"

"I mean I want to trade Beall's pardon for my nomination."

"Man alive, are you crazy?"

"I was never saner."

"Then you're joking?"

Judge Baily sat upright in his chair.

"I was never more in earnest," he replied calmly.

"And you mean—" but the governor stopped in amazement. The state convention was but two days distant; the convention which would, without doubt, name Baily of Polk for supreme judge, a position toward which he had been striving for years; the convention which the governor hoped would nominate him, despite his pardon record and opposition. But the figures still showed a deficit of thirty votes, and the governor could see the table in his eye as he talked.

"I mean you are to pardon Beall as the price of my withdrawal from the race for judge."

The governor swung around again and sat silent. His rotund face gleamed with a stupid wonder, but in his eye there glittered a newly risen hope. The judge continued:

"Listen; this is what I mean. With me out of the race and my delegates swung to you, you will win over Thompson easily. With me in the race and Polk county's delegation divided between you and Thompson in my inter-

est in the judgeship fight, you are defeated."

The governor looked at his figures. Then he nodded. The judge was right.

"Pardon Beall and I withdraw tonight, swing Polk to you and you are nominated."

The governor looked at Bailly in astonishment.

"It's a high price for you to pay."

"I am offering the terms; is it a go?"

"Look here, Bailly, what's your scheme?"

"There's no scheme in this, governor; no scheme, only possibly a little memory."

"Then what's your object?"

"I have none. Let me tell you."

Judge Bailly turned his chair so his profile was to the governor and his face half hidden in the dark. He pulled a moment on his cigar, then went ahead.

"An old, gray haired woman stood before me today, and with the breaking heart of a wounded mother fighting for her boy, she stretched her hands out and called on God to punish me. He's doing it now. The old woman didn't know her wish would so soon come true. But there was something about that woman's careworn face made me forget the years between, and I saw another old, gray haired woman who lay on a bed of pain, and she stretched out her

hands and put them on my head and she said, 'John, I'll be watching you, and you'll know when it's all right, and you'll be a good boy, for I'll be with you always,' and she never spoke again, and nobody ever called me John after that. I guess that's why I want Beall's pardon; my mother will know it's all right."

The governor walked to the window and looked out over the city. He hesitated a moment, then walked back and picking up a pen wrote quickly for a couple of minutes.

"It's a big price, but they say every man makes a damn fool of himself once in his life. You can give her this in the morning."

"No, no; send it to her; she is not to know I did it; no one is to know. Thank you, governor." The judge took up his hat. "The announcement of my withdrawal will be in the papers in the morning. I'll keep my word." And he passed out of the office into the starlit night. Inside, the governor figured for a minute, smiled and rang for Billy.

"He's right; I've got it now; but he certainly must be crazy. I'm glad it's not my deal."

But outside, under the stars, the judge was walking down the steps with springing stride and in his heart was a great joy, for he knew that above the stars was one who knew it was all right.

A KEEPSAKE

THE gold in her soft, brown hair—
Caught from the morning skies,
Her sweet lips, rosy and fair,
The love in her deep blue eyes,
Her low tones' witchery,
And her soul, where white dreams throng—
They are mine—she gave them me—
I will keep them safe in a song!

Eugene C. Dolson

The Genius of Business

FOR THE UNIVERSITY, THE FREE CITY, AND THE PAN-AMERICAN REPUBLIC

IV.—The Rise of Free Cities Under the New Industrial Order

By CHARLES FERGUSON

A FREE city, as I understand it, is a city that has no slave and no master within its borders or without. I mean by slave a person who lives by obedience to another person or a crowd of others; and by master I mean the man or the mob that extracts obedience and likes to have it. The bosses are, I suppose, just as low down as the slaves—more so, no less. For it seems to be impossible that a man or a class that likes to order other people around should know anything of art or science or have any solid foundation for happiness. The natural and happy thing, therefore, is not that men should command or obey each other, but that all alike should obey the laws of their own humanity as related to the facts of the out-door world.

This is not to imply that a free city is a utopian kind of place where everybody does as he likes and there is no organized government. On the contrary, a free city is simply a city with a genuine democratic government; one that claims no authority for its regulations except so far as they draw well with the laws of humanity and science.

The Goddess of Justice, holding her court in the free city of democracy, sits, I think, with her arms outstretched, pleading with the people to be strong, and break the statutes whenever they are against reason and the truth of nature.

Of course, then, there is government in the free city. And it expresses itself by the use of force. The point is that nobody obeys the government, but everybody respects it and tries to improve it.

Now, such a city as this has been the goal of the aspirations of wise men through all the ages of civilization. But the thing has never yet been realized in any settled way. The most thrilling and commanding passages of history are those in which the free city has come near being realized for a moment. All seeing men have understood that such an achievement is perfectly possible, have seen indeed that it is quite impossible to build a city that shall be permanent, on any other basis. But the mass of us have always up to this time preferred to be slaves—and tyrants. We have never respected ourselves enough to be free. And we have never been in spirit artistic and scientific enough to build a free city,—a city of the open air so masterfully true to nature that its palaces should never be given to the bats and owls.

In the ancient world this great drama of disappointment was played out principally on three stages:—at Jerusalem, at Athens and at Rome. The blood leaps even now at all these names—because each of these cities in turn came so near being free. But the waves of time swept over them all and they all became memories and the haunts of tourists, because they were not content to rest upon the principles of nature but tried to lord it over other towns. One might say that Jerusalem failed because of its spiritual tyranny, Athens because of its intellectual top-loftiness and Rome because of its sheer physical insolence. Anyhow they all went wrong because they tried to rule the world and to set it in order on principles that were other than artistic and scientific. The Jerusalem which is "free and the mother of us all" has not yet been built in Palestine. The "shining, violet-crowned city of song" of which Pindar sang—that "August Athenae" of Pericles and Epaminondas—now hires a king from western Europe. And the City of the Seven Hills is a cemetery of lost causes that deserved to be lost.

But the idea of the free city is more sure of itself than ever. There is a great momentum gathering behind it through all the disasters of the past.

For a moment in recent history men have concerned themselves much with vast political contrivances—but we shall never escape for long from the love of the city. The statesmen and lawyers have had their little day, have held the center of the stage for a while unfolding to us their intricate devices—their pipe-dreams of sovereign states and empires. But states and empires are pure abstractions unless the city is behind them. They are

not real and tangible, they have only a documentary existence. The city is the real thing. Nobody ever saw with the naked eye a state or an empire; and if all such things were abolished in a night one might not miss them in his daily walk. But the city is a part of the ground plan of nature, as much as a bee hive or a beavers' dam. It exists to "fulfill the desire of the mute earth." It is the consummate work of art, and "Art"—it was Aristotle, I think, who said it first—"is the very nature of man."

Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells us that within a generation or so population is going to be vastly diffused and everybody is going to live in a green field and have a garden patch. All this may indeed come to pass through improvements in the means of rapid locomotion. For a city can be a city without being crowded—and in fact can never be free or fine so long as it is crowded.

Today you can ride nearly an hour on an express train from the outer limits of Chicago to Polk street station; and in the near future it is likely that all American cities will be as big as counties. The time worn antithesis of city and country will soon cease to have a meaning. The city will have forests and farms in it, and *rus in urbe* will be the general rule. "Uncle Reuben" will pass away and become a tradition on the same day with the "Yellow Kid." There will be no back-country and no seething slum. Earth-commanding municipalities will cover the whole land.

The essential thing about a city is not density of population but a social unity embodying and expressing itself in the forms of art. Nothing but the destruction of civilization and a reversion to barbarism can stop the tendency of society to nucleate in cities. And the dream of a social state of undifferentiated protoplasm—the people spread out thin and even across a continent—is not, thanks to the spirit of evolution, likely to be realized.

A myriad of human habitations grouped 'round a forum or market place and surrounded by a considerable area of open country—this is the germ cell and unit of civilization, the permanent physical phenomenon of the city. It is older than the earliest records and no social revolution or convulsion of nature is likely to do away with it. On the contrary all the deeper currents of modern times tend to give it peculiar emphasis.

There is indeed a superficial tendency running the other way. I mean the ripper bill tendency, which derives its strength from the theory still rife among us that people who live on farms or in little villages are purer and better than those who live in large towns. The men who run the state machines and boss the legislatures know all too well how to make capital out of these old superstitions, and the civic abominations as they actually exist are largely due to the fact that the great cities are governed by farmers and country lawyers assembled at Albany, Harrisburg and elsewhere to manage things too high for their understanding.

The truth is, that city life is, in the nature of things, a higher kind of life than country life, and to live it well requires that one should be more human. The problems of the city cannot be solved in the back country or "up the state" any more than the problems of a grown man can be solved by a boy—or the problems of a fish by an oyster.

The word "pagan" means, as every Latin-school boy knows, a dweller in a little village. The spiritual quickening which went through the world in the early ages of this era was felt most in great cities; and to be a villager came to mean the same thing as to be a narrow minded, superstitious person clinging to the knees of the old idols.

The notion that cities need to have a great imperial power set over them to make and keep them good is a purely pagan notion. It is supposed by the pagans that still live on belated in these times that the only way to maintain order throughout the land is to get all the respectable people to profess unquestioning obedience to a mystic oracle or Mumbo-Jumbo called the Sovereignty of the Nation. There is no use arguing with people who think like that. Nothing but events can deal with them.

It is the rise of the vast and sensitive system of modern industry that is convincing the pagan that his god is a wood pulp god and hears not; that the god of law and order is not to be worshipped in documents or legal theories.

Industrialism is bound to free the cities from the overlordship of state legislatures and the national military power, because the development of industrialism is making it plain that social order—a vigorous and progressive social unity—can be maintained on the grandest scale, throughout a continent and the whole world, without resort to the ghost realm of arbitrary authority. It is being discovered in this tremendous earth-wrestle of modern business that there is enough morality in the very nature of things to hold the

American people together — without the help of high priests or the hired devotions of the regular army.

The point is that when eighty million people set out to do work together — improve the universe, dam its floods, dampen its droughts, cut its isthmuses, and so on; — when a vast population, spread over a continent, comes to care more for business than for anything else, then a new and unprecedented thing happens. It is discovered that a modern city, in becoming a part of a great industrial system, is so completely bound by the very nature of things to keep the peace and act decently toward all her neighbors, that there is really no need of a good emperor or a good president to wield the impartial sword of sovereign law and drive bad cities into line.

When Mr. Grover Cleveland sent the United States troops to Chicago to quell a riot which was supposed to be impeding the mails, he meant entirely well, no doubt. But I submit that he acted like a man out of a book or one from the country. He seemed not to be aware that the industrial age had dawned; that in this new day every city is bound to every other and to the whole industrial order in such sensitive bonds of commerce and credit that it cannot live without wide social peace and correspondence with the rest of the world.

In the age of the Cæsars a legion was indeed the logical medicine for a disorder in a city of Gaul; but in the age of Cleveland it would have sufficed to send the mails for a day or two around by Peoria and Milwaukee. Granted that there really was a dangerous mob in Chicago on that occasion, Chicago would have risen up and subdued it in an afternoon, if only Chicago had been well assured, as it should have been, that it must depend completely upon itself, and that the rest of the country would continue to deal with it only so long as it played the regular game.

At the end of a day of successful mob rule under such conditions, every dollar of permanent investment in Chicago would have been worth not more than seventyfive cents; and at the end of a week of anarchy the youth of the world would have flocked to Chicago to make its fortune by buying good real estate for a song and putting value into it by vigilance committee.

Really, it is too late for Cæsar and the old village ways; this is the day of industrial law — the day of the revelation of the irresistible morality that exists in the nature of things.

Timely Topics of the Stage

By GEORGE T. RICHARDSON

IF I am not mistaken, I quoted in the *National* for June a rather caustic remark credited to Joseph Jefferson to the effect that some actors are so touchy that they would not play a second part to anyone. Had you, the reader, been there, your tongue might have itched to ask, "Would *you*?" Had you dared, what would "the dean" have said? It is indisputable that the average man covets prominence among his fellows, and it can be said in all safety that few players have failed to cherish, at one time or another, the hope of achieving that blazonry of fame yclept "starring." It is as natural for an actor to hope, if not expect, to see his name in the biggest type possible to a "three sheet bill," as for a man of commoner clay, who starts in life selling papers, to forecast the day when he will own a newspaper for others to sell. The ambition to succeed is laudable and stellar honors are the hall-mark of success, of one sort or another, in the theatrical profession. It must be admitted, however, that to be a star does not mean as much today as fifteen or twenty years ago. Stars are often made nowadays by queer freaks, their own or managerial. A veteran player recently forsook his native reticence long enough to descant somewhat bitterly upon modern stage methods. "Starring has come to be a dubious honor," he said. "To be certain of success it is really better to be an expert safe cracker, a daring bridge jumper or a notorious but interesting woman, than to be simply a good actor or actress." Without being quite so pessimistic, it must be admitted that

the road to popular favor is paved with less of accomplishment than it used to be. The majority of the new stars are made simply on the basis of personal popularity. An actor of moderate attainments who, thanks to the long run system, has played, perhaps, but half a dozen parts in his entire career, comes to be regarded as a "popular favorite,"—that is, a player who draws people to the theater. When this idea of his popularity becomes strong enough, some manager pats him on the back, gets his signature to a contract, and it is announced that "So-and-so will star as soon as the proper vehicle is obtained." "Vehicle" means a play that suits the actor, for times have changed since Shakespeare's day and it is no longer the play but the player that is "the thing." The play must be fitted to the actor, for the actor is not broadly grounded enough in his profession to fit himself to the play. The tailors are often not clever, or the actors do not wear their garments well; result—many misfits and stars who cease to twinkle.

THERE will be more stars the coming season than ever. Some of them will be of the made-to-the-public's-order variety. Others,—well, I will leave you to conjure up your own excuse. Fay Templeton is certainly a fine artiste, but she was not remarkably successful as a star, nevertheless she will try it again in *The Infant Prodigy*. She is certainly the latter but scarcely an infant. Virginia Earle, Sallie Stembler, Walter Jones, Christie MacDonald and Edna Aug are some of a long list of musical comedy people who will head companies next season. Little Miss MacDonald has the advantage, for she has her play, prettily named *An English Daisy*. Willie Collier goes it alone again also, but he does not quite desert Weber and Fields, for they will be his managers. Mr. Collier will play a newspaper reporter in a farce by Eugene Presbrey called *Personal*. Charles Richman will tempt fate in *Captain Barrington*, a play produced in New York some years ago under another name. The rumor that William Norris, the comedian of *A Country Girl*, is to star as Shylock undoubtedly originated with some practical joker, perhaps Mr. Norris himself. But Grace Kimball, leading lady in stock companies, is in earnest and will present Anthony Hope's *The Indiscretion of the Duchess*, dramatized by Stanislaus Stange, the perpetual playwright. Eleanor Robson, first heard of as Bonita in *Arizona* and last season in the name part of *Audrey*, wisely has two plays ready, *Agatha*, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Louis N. Parker, and *La Valliere*, by Bataille. John E. Kellerd, forgetful of his sad fate in *The Cipher Code*, says he will try stardom again. Arthur Forrest, long a leading man, awaits only a play in which to make his flight. Roselle Knott in *When Knighthood Was in Flower* and William Bonelli and Rose Stahl in *An Aristocrat* are other embryo celebrities. Drina de Wolfe, but a short year on the stage, threatens to show what she can do in a special matinee of Rostand's *Le Princess Lointaine*. She is a strikingly stylish woman and, strange to say, creates, in some inexplicable way, the impression that she can act, although she has never had an opportunity to do much more than look well. The new stars—and those mentioned are only a small percentage of the prospective output—are not likely to create a panic among their elders; and Miss de Wolfe's threat, at last accounts, had not caused the retirement of Julia Marlowe or Viola Allen, or even of timorous Annie Russell. In all this hiving of the starring bees that affect actresses' bonnets, why does



ELEANOR ROBSON



VIOLA ALLEN



MARGARET ANGLIN

not Margaret Anglin get a chance? Unquestionably the strongest emotional actress on the stage, the leading lady of the Empire stock company scarcely seems to receive her just dues. The right play could not fail to push her well to the front in popularity as well as artistic accomplishment.

ARDENTLY ambitious young persons who burn for a stage life and who paint for themselves impressionistic pictures of a theatrical career as passed recumbent upon a bed of roses, about which hover attendant nymphs and sprites bearing glorious viands and choice compliments upon golden salvers, should take wider note of stage news. If they read carefully they will find that life in the mystic region beyond the footlights is quite as real, quite as earnest and often quite as fatal to health and longevity, as the more plebeian callings. Here, for instance, is Effie Shannon suffering from nervous prostration due, it is said, to overwork. As she spent last season playing the verylympatic, inconsequential role of Alice Faulkner in *Sherlock Holmes* I am afraid that her energy was expended upon repinings at fate's cruelty in dooming her to win gold minus fame in so insignificant a character. Those who saw Kyrle Bellew this summer as the impassioned Romeo heeded no special information to realize that he was physically weary. The fire of artistic imagination alone enabled him to simulate the ardor of Verona's perfervid swain. Thirtysix weeks of the heroics of Stanley Weyman's *A Gentleman of France* and the wholesale sword combats which punctuated them, had proved to him that stage life is not entirely luxurious dalliance. But there was no trace of weariness save in voice. A black wig over his own white locks and judiciously employed paints and powders,—lo! he was a Greek god, slightly feminized, perhaps. But stage life—successful, worthy stage life—is no idle pastime, but good hard work. The eight hour a day laborer is to be envied by the average player, except financially.



JULIA MARLOWE

A NEW YORK theatrical firm will present *The Wooing of Wisteria* in the fall. This somewhat horticultural title is applied to a drama of Japanese life, whose production is inspired, of course, by the success of David Belasco's *The Darling of the Gods*.* Because one Japanese play has made the sensation of the decade is no guarantee that the public is simply starving for more drama *a la kimono*, but when did a great success fail to win the compliment of imitation? Apropos of imitation, a funny instance of it came to light in a recent New York production. Last winter Frank Daniels said that he had for production next season a new opera from French sources whose leading character was a Parisian man milliner. Here was evidently a role fraught with great comedy possibilities. But when *The Blonde in Black* (the new name chosen for *The Gibson Girl*, owing to the objections of the artist to the use of the title he made famous) was given in New York, the comedy part played by Harry Conor was that of a man milliner. Is this another case of unconscious cerebration or coincidence,

*[EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Richardson will pardon us if we remind him that the novel *The Wooing of Wisteria* was written before *The Darling of the Gods*; that it had a successful career as a book and should, by reason of its charm, enjoy a like success on the stage.]

or is it—but I'll not amplify the idea. However, Mr. Daniels is not to be a man milliner next season, but *The Jockey* in a piece so called. The gnarled legged comedian should make the hit of his life in riding breeches.

THE definite announcement that May Irwin has retired from the stage will cause regret to many a lover of laughter. She had made money enough by her fun to enable her to amass a tidy fortune by shrewd real estate investment, and was wise enough not to venture further productions after her star of success seemed about to sink. Her later plays did not grip the public as did her earlier successes, and she despaired of getting the right medium. If the truth were told, I fear that it would be that the public finally tired of her comparatively small and somewhat mediocre companies. The musical play of today must have a big ensemble of youth, beauty and costuming. Put May Irwin at the head of an organization like the companies that support the Rogers Brothers or give the English musical comedies and the theaters wouldn't be large enough. All that the favorite needed to become more of a favorite than ever was an up-to-date frame. But she willed otherwise, has retired, and has appointed her successor in her sister Flo, to whom she has transferred her plays, costumes and scenery. Unfortunately, however, she cannot make a sisterly gift of her magnetism. May Irwin's successor may be born but she is still unknown. Flo Irwin is clever, but unfortunate in being so much like her sister that comparisons are inevitable and so different as to make the succession a right to be disputed.



MAY IRWIN

THE news from abroad gives little promise of attractions that will set the theatrical river afire. It is surprising to learn that the foremost apostle of the gruesome in the drama, Maeterlinck, has written a comedy shortly to be produced at Berlin. It may be surmised from the title, *The Temptations of St. Anthony*, that the comedy will prove serious, for if report does not err St. Anthony had some pretty difficult experiences. Maeterlinck may be depended upon to have made characteristic use of the temptations. Irving's *Dante* has certainly made a hit, else why should another play of the same name be scheduled for production? Foreign news also represents Ethel Barrymore as the guest of the Duchess of Sutherland, and Maude Adams as camping out in Egypt. What we would really like to know is whether Miss Barrymore is to fulfill the promise of extreme cleverness given by her first successes or whether she is to develop into a player of gradually engrossing mannerisms; and when, if ever, Miss Adams will return to the stage. There are all sorts of rumors concerning the latter subject, and the dainty little actress is enough of a public character to warrant an authoritative statement. Richard Harding Davis, who recently joined the ranks of novelists who dramatize their own books, is back from the Balkan states, presumably having settled the troubles there and perhaps having obtained local color for a new novel—and drama—of adventure.

NOW that Kathryn Osterman's manager has required her to try to stop a pair of runaway horses (hired to run for advertising purposes), we may expect a flood of sensational posing of this sort. The excuse in this instance is that there is an episode of this description in Miss Osterman's new play. If her example is followed to its legitimate conclusion what a host of hairbreadth 'scapes and mock crimes will be enacted.



KYRLE BELLEW



Fannie Rogers White

"I've been standing in this frame ever since."

Living Pictures

By FANNIE ROGERS WHITE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

I WONDER who I am?

The only thing I can remember is, that years and years ago I came across the ocean in a great ship, and I've been standing here in this frame ever since.

All I've been able to learn about myself is from little bits of conversation I can hear around me. One day, a long time ago, two gentlemen stood in front of me and talked a great deal about me, and about the artist who painted me. They pointed to his name in the corner of the canvas, and I was just dying to see, but did not dare to look down, for fear of toppling over.

One of the men said I was his great-grandmother. That made me want to laugh so that I nearly cracked the paint on my cheeks, for he was a great many years older than I. They said I lived across the sea in a flat country, where the water sometimes comes all about the fences, and where there are windmills scattered over the land. Then they talked about my dear mother and father, whom I don't remember, and one of the gentlemen said, — "I am very proud of my little great-grandmother."

They also said a great many queer things about my children. (I am sure I never knew that I had any.) And they talked gravely as though I were dead.

There is a little girl living in this house named Matilda, and I have grown to love her very much. I do wish I could get down out of this frame and play with her, for I get dreadfully tired of holding this heavy cat all day, and my arms ache; but if I should drop her, it is such a long way to the floor that she might get hurt; and the picture would be spoilt without her.

(Doesn't it seem strange that people never think that pictures can feel or understand anything that is going on around them.)

Matilda has lovely curls and wears such dainty dresses, and her dolls are so sweet that I long to hold one in my arms and kiss it and love it as she does. Then, too, Matilda wears little slippers made of shining leather, and dances and skips about in them, while I have to wear these heavy wooden shoes that would clump, clump and thump, thump all the time. I think Matilda is a little lonely, for one day she left her playthings and came and looked up at me, and said:

"Oh, little great-grandmother, come down and play dolls with me. We should be such good friends, and I will share all my things with you."

I could not answer, but I tried to follow her with my eyes so that she would understand that I loved her and wished I could do as she asked me.

One day some children came to see her, and they sat in the broad window seat and said, "To-night is Hallowe'en." Then they talked of all the wonderful things that would happen then, and how, at twelve o'clock, the things of the world were all changed about,—the gates went off their hinges, that pictures talked and came down from the walls, and—but I could listen to no more. Could it be true! Here was the very thing I had been longing for all these years! Might I now have a chance to come down out of my frame and wander over this beautiful house and see Matilda's pretty things?



Fannie Rogers White

"Some one had left a chair standing near."

I could hardly wait until midnight, but at last I heard the clock strike twelve. I tried to move my arms a little and Kitty jumped down on the floor and ran off in the direction of the kitchen. I then looked around for a way to get down. Some one had left a chair standing near, and I carefully stepped on it, for I was dreadfully stiff from standing so long. My shoes made such a clatter that I slipped them off, and I hunted for a candle and lighted it, as I had seen Matilda do, and crept down the corridor until I came to a room that I knew to be hers, for when I peeped in I saw such lovely playthings. There she was asleep in her little bed, so I sat down as quietly as I could, with all the playthings around me. There were chairs for the dollies, and the dearest little tea set, and a trunk full of Matilda's beautiful clothes. I played that they were all mine, and tried on her aprons and little slippers and found they just fitted; then I nearly cried to think that I must ever go back and wear my ugly dress again.

All of a sudden I thought it must be nearly morning, and I knew I must be back before the cock crew, so I took my candle and went to the old clock in the hall. It was already after four and there was no time to lose. I could not find Kitty, so I rushed back to my frame and as I stepped up the cock crew. Alas! I had forgotten that I wore Matilda's clothes and carried one of her dolls. So there I stood, and the next day when the people saw me they were frightened and called it a miracle. At last they decided that some artist had come in during the night and had done it for mischief. But Matilda clapped her hands and said, "Oh goody! Now my little great-grandmother looks just like me!"

Next Hallowe'en I shall come down and tell Matilda all about it.



"It was already after four."



Fannie Rogers White

"Now my little great-grandmother looks just like me."

The Wheat Harvest Around the World

By *W. R. DRAPER*



A THRESHING CREW IN NORTH DAKOTA

TEN million men and several million women and children are in the midst of the greatest wheat harvest in the history of the world. It is estimated that the wheat crop this year will reach three billion bushels, by far the largest ever gathered. The work of harvesting commenced in January down in the South American countries and ends in December in Burmah and Wales. Meanwhile the supply of breadstuff for the next year will have been gathered and shipped to the markets.

Wheat is the oldest cereal of which there is any record, being spoken of in the Bible as the "staff of life," and known to have existed 2,700 years B. C. The exact source of wheat, whether in India, Persia or Egypt is unknown, but the first wheat crops of any consequence were found along the Nile river.

Modern methods of harvesting grain have invaded many of the foreign lands since Mr. Cyrus McCormick built the first reaper in 1831, and his machines, which have been improved upon from time to time, have been the real reason for the increase in wheat production. It would be a physical impossibility to gather the wheat crops on some of the great ranches of the West if machinery were not to be had to aid in the gigantic task. Think of ten thousand acres of ripened grain in one field, which must be cut within four or five days. A sufficient number of men could not enter the field to do the work by hand alone. The most crude methods of harvest are yet found in India and Egypt and along the Nile, where wheat was first grown. The United States and Canada boast and actually possess the most modern methods of gathering the grain. While harvesting machine companies, such as the McCormick, Deering and other

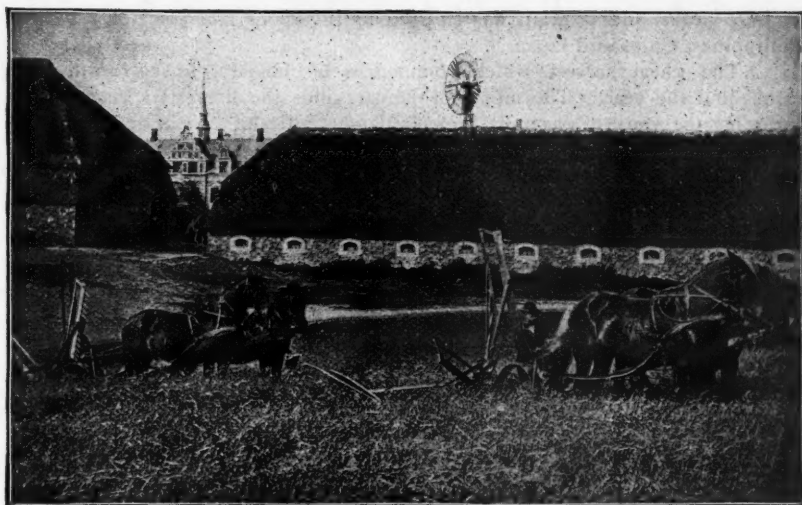


HARVESTING IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

gigantic concerns, send their own agents and helpers into every part of the world, to instruct the natives in the art of running a modern binder, the prices,



CUTTING THE GRAIN WITH SICKLES IN INDIA



HARVEST SCENE IN DENMARK

on account of excessive freight, are made so high that most of the farmers cannot afford new machinery very often. Grain growing has not received the "boom" in other lands it has in the United States, principally on account of the cheapened plan of harvesting here and the high prices elsewhere. The average cost of harvesting, or producing a bushel of wheat, is fiftyfour cents, while the average price obtained is sixtyone cents. This includes all countries of the world in the estimate. The average of profit on wheat is about \$1.25 per acre the world around. The profit in the United States is from \$5 to \$8 per acre.

The cost of the harvest in various portions of the world is shown as follows: United Kingdom, 80 cents per bushel; Italy, 72 cents; Germany, 70 cents; France, 70 cents; Hungary, 68 cents; Australia, 66 cents; Spain, 60 cents; Canada, 56 cents; United States, 54 cents; India, 53 cents; Argentina, 53 cents; Russia, 52 cents.

The average yield of wheat per acre in various countries noted for their large crops follows: Denmark, 31 bushels per acre; United Kingdom, 28; New Zealand, 25; Norway, 25; Germany, 23; Belgium, 23; Holland, 21; France, 19; United States, 18; Roumania, 18; Hungary, 18; Austria, 16; Canada, 15; Argentina, 13; Italy, 12; India, 9; Algeria, 7; South Australia, 7.

The cost of producing wheat and the average yield in Italy, India, Australia and several other foreign countries are about equal, hence it is impossible for the wheat growers to realize profit from the wheat, and in fact the grain is often raised at a loss, but then it is cheaper than importing breadstuff. For the reason that the cost of producing wheat is so great in the United Kingdom, that country imports about two hundred million bushels of wheat annually. The wheat crop raised in that country supplies the natives with flour less than three months in the year. The United States is the greatest wheat raising country and exported 178,000,000 bushels of wheat for-export between July of 1902 and April

of 1903. Most of this grain was shipped to Liverpool, and some of it to the Philippines, China and Japan.

The wheat harvest, which commences in January, travels northward throughout the year. The month of January finds the harvesters engaged in gathering the wheat of Australia, New Zealand, Chili and Argentine; February and March, upper Egypt and surrounding countries; April, lower Egypt, India, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor and Cuba; May, Florida, Texas, Algeria, Central Asia, China and Japan; June, California, Oregon, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Utah, Colorado, Missouri, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the south of France; July, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and the tier of states westward to the Rocky Mountains, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria-Hungary, south of Russia, Germany, Switzerland and the south of England; August, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Canada, Great Britain, Netherlands and Central Russia; September and October, Scotland, Norway, Sweden and the north of Russia; November, Peru and South Africa; December, Burmah and New South Wales and the extreme north of Russia. Thus the harvest is going on practically all the year in some portion of the world, but the principal countries harvest their wheat between May and August.

THE FISH THEY CATCH AT LOS ANGELES



THE man and the boy in the picture are standing on the body of a whale eighty-three feet long. The photograph was taken in June by Rev. J. L. Parks of Los Angeles, California. Mr. Parks does not claim that he caught the fish with a hook and line. The monster was run down and killed by a steamer, and its body was washed up on Redondo Beach, eighteen miles from Los Angeles. The whale was fifteen feet thick and twelve feet across the tail.

When it is known that the man who is standing on the whale is six feet tall, the size of this oceanic leviathan may better be realized. As the whale is lying on its back, the man is standing on the under side of the lower jaw. The sand has been washed up around the whale so that about one third of its thickness is buried. The enterprising fisherman seen in the distance filed a claim on the whale and proceeded to cut it up and boil out the oil. He expected to get 200 barrels, worth \$10 a barrel.

Why Life is Safer at Sea Than Ashore

By WINTHROP MARVIN

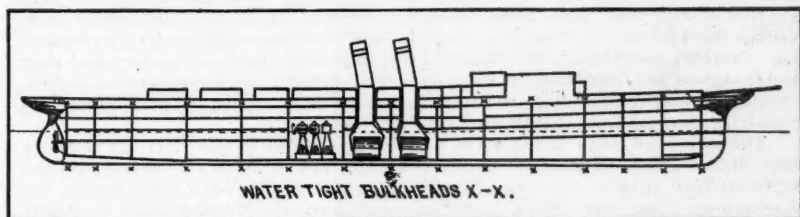


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE WATER TIGHT BULKHEADS OF THE AMERICAN LINER NEW YORK

THERE is a pleasant ditty of the sea, ascribed variously to William Pitt, to Hood and to Dibdin, in which one Barney Buntline congratulates a fellow tar, Billy Bowline, that they are afloat instead of ashore in the "strong northwester blowing" — "Hey, don't ye hear its roar now?" — for:

"Foolhardy chaps that live in towns
What danger they are all in;
How they be quaking in their beds
For fear the roof should fall in.

"While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney pots
About their heads are flying!

"Both you and I have often heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns from carriages,
By thieves and fire in London.

"We know what risks these landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors."

Here is a fine, virile, refreshing viewpoint. And let not landlubbers imagine that this hearty Barney was at all sardonic. He meant in sober earnest every word he said. In spite of maritime romancers, your true seafaring man is seldom oppressed by the perils of his calling. He actually feels safest when the salt spray stings his face, and the long keel lifts beneath him. If your sailor happens to be a bit bookish, he can cite to you proof exact and convincing that however it may have been in the crude, remote days, the sea is a thing of terror no longer. Within ten years, thanks to better ships and better navigation, the death rate of sailors has decreased one half, and is now only thirteen per 1,000, or forty or fifty per cent. below the rate for all inhabitants of such cities as Boston, New York or Chicago — though, of course, such a comparison must not be pursued to its last analysis of why or wherefore, but taken for what it is worth as a sufficiently surprising statement of an actual fact. Out of 10,000 accidents reported to the Travelers' Insurance Company, 2,413 occurred to pedestrians and 1,880 to persons who were comfortably at home indoors. No fewer than 1,816 accidents were due to riding or driving, 689 to various sports, 406 to bicycling, and 477 to railway travel, while only seventy of these 10,000 accidents occurred upon the ocean. Making all due allowance for the obvious fact that there are always many more persons walking, or indoors, or engaged in pastimes, or railway journeying than there are at sea, these figures are still significant.

One great steamship company, with forty vessels, lost only one seaman in a year, and it was recorded of the celebrated Inman line some years ago that it had conveyed, without one death, a million passengers. In the year 1890, the trans-Atlantic liners made nearly 2,000 voyages from New York to the various ports of the United Kingdom and the Continent, carrying 200,000 cabin and 372,000 steerage passengers across 3,000 miles of boisterous ocean. And yet, in this entire year, there was not one accident costing the life of a single one of these more than half a million people.

What railway system can show a record for a given period surpassing this? And the Atlantic steam fleet of 1903, taken as a whole, is far superior in the average size, strength

and safety of its ships to the iron fleet of 1890. There has not been any disaster fatal to a really first class modern passenger steamship of one of the great lines since the Cunarder Oregon was sunk in collision—fortunately without loss of life—in March, 1886, off Fire Island.

Indeed, not one of the swift, twin screw steamers which conduct the best passenger traffic between the United States and Europe has ever succumbed to the force of the storm, or to the deadlier perils of collision or stranding. The few losses that have occurred of late years have been invariably of vessels of an older and cruder type. Neither the Elbe nor the Bourgogne could be said to be thoroughly modern in construction. Neptune must confess that the new, great ships of the twentieth century, with their double engines and their elaborate water tight compartments, are impregnable to his fiercest seas and wildest hurricanes. Delayed these great ships may be, and even bruised and wounded sometimes, but conquered—practically never.

The passenger liners of the north Atlantic have grown in size from ten to twenty times since 1840, and have almost trebled in speed. The Sirius of 1838 was of 700 tons; the Great Western, of 1,300. The City of Glasgow, first of the Inman liners, in 1850, was of 1,600 tons. The Inman liner City of Paris, of 1889, now the Philadelphia of the American line, is of 10,500 tons. The new Cedric of the White Star line, giant of the whole great fleet of the International Mercantile Marine Company—the “Morgan merger”—and the largest steamship in the world, has a tonnage of 21,000.

This enormous increase in the size of the ships that make up the “Atlantic ferry” has proved to be, of itself, a notable gain in safety and comfort for the passengers. The small,

short, narrow, feeblers liners of years ago were forever having their decks swept by storm waves, and their cabins and holds invaded by cataracts of cold salt water. This was always unpleasant and often dangerous. An appalling number of those weak, early steamships have recorded against their names, “Sailed and never heard from.” Many of those missing vessels were unquestionably overwhelmed by the sheer weight of the waves that fell upon them in the Atlantic hurricanes. But not one first class modern liner has ever been destroyed in this way, and for seventeen years not one such liner sailing from one side has failed to reach the other safe and sound. Such disasters as have occurred have been confined to ships of an older type or inferior tonnage.

This great fact that stands out so impressively from the modern history of Atlantic navigation cannot be too often or too deeply emphasized. One cause of it has already been noted in the huge size and strength of twentieth century liners. They stand the shock of the sea for the same general reason that the large, heavily built Pullman cars best survive the shock and stress of a railway accident. Some-

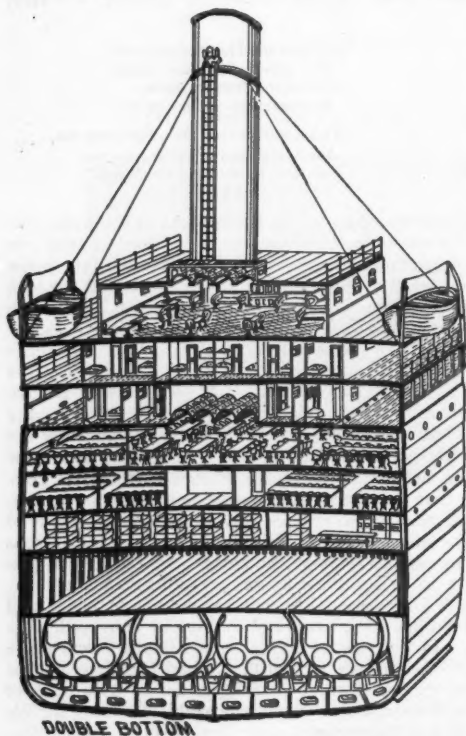


DIAGRAM OF THE DOUBLE BOTTOM OF THE GIANT WHITE STAR LINER CEDRIC, THE LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD

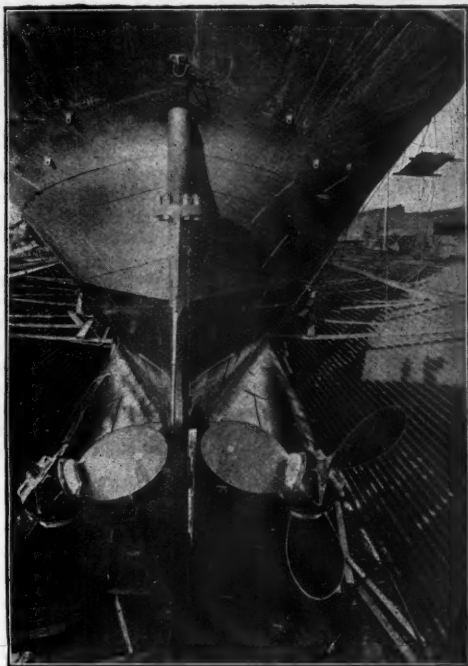
times—less and less often—a lofty Atlantic tidal wave does manage to topple on board of one of these mighty steamships, smashing a boat or two, or other light gear, but such injury is trivial. And so well are the cabins and staterooms protected by the clever designing of the upper works, that the waves' attack goes almost unnoted and unknown by passengers.

The very speed of these twentieth century liners is in itself an element of safety, for it reduces the period of possible exposure to the perils of the sea. Thus, the modern steamer of from fifteen to twenty or more knots is able to escape from an area of storm or fog much more swiftly than the seven to twelve knot vessels of years ago. Moreover, the full powered modern ship can be much more smartly and securely handled when the winds bluster or the mist lies thick around. Experienced travelers by land do not shun the fast mail trains as dangerous; quite the contrary. So the veteran Atlantic captains, those most experienced travelers by sea, agree in emphatic chorus that the great steamships of today are far safer than their weaker and clumsier predecessors.

There are three other dominant factors which, combined with improved power and speed, have wrought a transformation in the security of ocean travel. They are, first, the water tight compartment; second, the double bottom; third, the twin screw. The first of these is not a new invention, but it is only of late years that its full potency has been realized. When safety bulkheads were first built across the hulls of iron steamships, they were only a few in number—three, four, five or six—and the ships were not sufficiently subdivided to save them if the hull was punctured anywhere save at the extreme bow. Moreover, as solid bulkheads forbade quick and easy communication below decks between one part of the ship and another, so called water tight doors were cut through these safety walls. These doors were usually open when the fateful moment came, and there was no time to close them.

But the modern idea is to increase the number of these bulkheads, and to keep them water tight in fact as well as in name, either by having no openings at all in the steel walls below the upper decks, or in having as few as possible, with machinery—automatic machinery—to close them. As to the double bottoms, that means, in the lower hull, virtually one ship within another, so that if the outer plating is pierced by a jagged rock the ship will float on the inner hull almost as buoyantly as ever.

Although the importance of twin screws, or two propellers each with its own shaft instead of one, was understood many years ago, it was not until the epoch making City of New York and City of Paris—now the New York and Philadelphia of the International fleet—came out in 1888 and 1889 that this invaluable idea was first applied to the great ships of North Atlantic commerce. Never was there a more decisive victory than that of these superb pioneers. The twin screws are now an unvarying characteristic of all Atlantic steamships of first class construction. They do not give much absolute gain in



TWIN SCREWS OF THE NEW YORK, SHOWING HOW PROPELLERS ARE ENCASED TO PREVENT FOULING



CAPTAIN JAMES MCAULEY OF
THE COMMONWEALTH

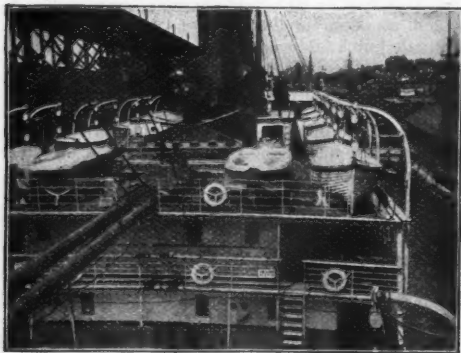
speed, but they do mark a long advance in safety. Not only are there two separate screws turning each on its own shaft, but there are two independent sets of boilers and engines, each in its own compartment. A modern ship so elaborately subdivided may have two compartments pierced or two smashed into one, and still bring its precious freight of passengers safely into port. This is not theoretical conjecture; it has had practical demonstration in the brilliant annals of the "Atlantic ferry" within a dozen years.

The twin screws of modern Atlantic steamships give wonderful facility in maneuvering and enable these ships to avoid an iceberg, a derelict or some other obstruction in their track that would have been fatal to the old time liner. A twin screw ship, properly engined, can reverse one screw while going ahead with the other, and thus turn in her course almost as if upon a pivot. But the great, inestimable advantage of the twin screws is that if one is disabled by the loss of its blades, the fracture of the shaft, or some breakdown of the connecting machinery, the other screw and other engine can drive the great vessel on and into port, when a single screw ship would lie as helpless as a sodden log upon the ocean. The loss of one of the twin screws does not even mean a reduction of one half in the speed of the steamer. The City of New York once made with one screw 382 knots

in twentyfour hours, or about sixteen knots an hour—only twentyfive per cent. less than her maximum of twenty. If a twin screw ship loses the use of her rudder, adroit handling of the two screws and two engines—a few revolutions more now of one screw, now of the other—will hold her closely to her course, and enable her to reach her destination, when a single screw ship, rudderless, would swing all around the compass with the shifting of wind or sea.

Fire, one of the ever present ocean perils in the days of wooden hulls, is now almost forgotten. Even if a fire once starts, it is easy to confine it to its one steel compartment, and to smother it there with steam pipes or hose. No such catastrophe as that of the burning of the Austria with 470 lives, in 1858, appears in the recent history of Atlantic steamships, and this old risk may now be thoroughly dismissed from modern calculations.

The mere fury of gale or waves cannot destroy a first class steamship like those which by the score perform the choice passenger service of the International Mercantile Marine Company in this spring and summer of 1903. Such a Titan as the White Star liner Cedric or the new Kroonland or Finland of the Red Star line, or the Dominion liner



LIFEROATS OF THE DOMINION LINER COMMONWEALTH

Mayflower—to name only recent additions to the "ferry"—is as invincible to the buffetings of the sea as a steel fortress or a granite headland. Collision in fog with an iceberg or another ship is really the only peril that now menaces an Atlantic passenger, and twin screws and water tight bulkheads in a mighty steel hull have reduced even this long familiar danger to a minimum far below the risk of collision on lines of ordinary railway. This risk of collision at sea is further lessened by the practice which the chief ocean companies have adopted of following regular lanes—one eastward, one westward.



SILHOUETTES IN FICTION



THE TINY ONE'S HOMECOMING

By Sara Lindsay Coleman

NIGHT was coming on, the house was still, and the Tiny One stood outside the door, slightly ajar. She had eluded nurse, whom she didn't often succeed in getting away from entirely, and had come home. She was going to 'sprise her Muv, who was sick.

No one heard her labor up the stairs. Confident of the welcome that awaited her, she hung to the doorknob and laughed through the mist of her golden curls, looking into the room roguishly. She was Muv's Beautifullest, Ownest, Littlest. She was Daddy's Lambkins—there was nothing to fear.

"Sh! Sh! Sh!" The sound came from a cambric gowned, white capped, white aproned creature who crossed the room toward the child but stopped when a faint, sweet voice said:

"Let her come, please."

The Tiny One came timidly, eyeing the intruder.

Halfway across the room she stopped, her eyes big with wonder.

The cover of her own white bed was moving; something alive squirmed there and sent out a thin, bleating sound from under the blankets.

"Fair sheep is?" quivered the Tiny One, darting toward the safety of her mother's bed.

There was a faint tinkle of laughter in the tired voice that requested Miss Parker to show the baby to his little sister.

Miss Parker lifted a bundle from the crib, took off layer after layer of blanket,

stooped down and brought into view an ugly, expressionless and excessively red little face and said:

"This is your little brother, dear. God sent him. Don't you want a nice little brother to play with you?"

"Oh, Miss Parker,"—the pleading voice belonged to the Tiny One's mother—"won't you let me hold my beautiful-est boy just one moment?"

Miss Parker hesitated, then laid the little bundle down in the soft, white, tender bend of the mother arm—in the very crook where the Tiny One had always nestled, and the wonderful mother look that had always been hers was bent to it.

Something of the truth forced itself slowly and painfully into the child soul of the Tiny One standing in the middle of the room, forgotten. She flung herself face downward upon the floor and shrieked and kicked in an agony of anger and jealousy that seemed to run the entire gamut of childish woe.

Miss Parker bore her from the room and deposited her at the foot of the stairway.

The Doctor almost stumbled over the little white heap that lay in the cold, unlighted hall, sobbing softly into its fluff of yellow curls.

"It's got my Muv," she wailed, as he lifted her, "an' my bed, an'—an'—*ever-sing!*"

Being a man and a bachelor, the Doctor had no words of comfort ready, but he held her in a close and silent sympathy that told her he appreciated the situation and the confidence she placed in him—then he put her down

and went quickly up the stairs.

Neglected and cold and hungry, the Tiny One, who had no similar experience and no philosophy with which to meet the new conditions, stumbled through the darkness and into the presence of her Daddy, who sat in the library by a fire that burned low and red.

"Daddy!" A ripple of joy went over her face, quivering with the sting of a bitter memory. "Daddy!" she climbed into the heaven of his arms. "Daddy!" she leaned her flower-soft body against him heavily. But her grief which had followed overtook her and she sobbed:

"My Muv's got It—she called It beautifules'."

The man laid his face in silence against the swollen, tear stained cheek.

Suddenly she trembled into laughter with:

"It ain't got no Daddy!" Again and again, in a wicked and triumphant glee, she shrilled the words.

When the stillness grew and grew in the shadow filled room where the fire sang a sleepy song and little red flames flashed across the room and coquetted with themselves in the long mirror, the Tiny One, who was not asleep, spoke.

"Daddy," her voice was sharp with a new and ugly fear, "I fink it's got a Daddy."

The man slipped the shoe and sock from the wee white foot and began the old, old story of the little pig who went to market, of the little pig who staid at home.

"Who—It's—Daddy—is?" Something had caught the Tiny One's voice almost away from her.

With a laugh that held no mirth the man began again, this time a brave, wonderful story of a poor old man who traveled over the whole world at night-time and carried a big bag of sand on his tired, tired shoulder—but the child would have none of it.

"Who It's Daddy is?" she asked, till

his heart ached at the sound. "Who It's Daddy is? Who It's Daddy Is?"

"Lambkins," he cried, a break in his own voice, "I am! But I'm yours first. Hold on to that—I'm yours first!"



HIS FATAL SENSE OF HUMOR

By James Ravenscroft

IN the long, carpetless room which was used as a general office and storehouse by the Prisoners' Aid society, sat a group of men around a big coal stove, the sides of which glowed with heat. Outside, the wind shook the two dingy windows which lighted the room, and the snow swirled by in blinding gusts.

There were six men in the group; all but two were ex-convicts who had been reclaimed to respectability through the sympathetic efforts of the society. The two who had never worn prison garb were the secretary of the society and a newspaper man; the others were serving in various capacities while waiting for something to "turn up." As the afternoon passed, the ex-convicts fell to telling stories, which were more or less reminiscent.

The youngest of the group had just finished a narration of his wrongdoing, when the eldest, a man with white hair and a wrinkled face, said:

"I was about your age, lad, when I got my first term. It was only five years, but I had never known confinement of any sort, not even sickness, and it seemed like a life sentence."

The others remained respectfully silent while the old man carefully filled his pipe, dipped it into the ashes and flakes of embers on the hearth, and then puffed steadily until the light was safe.

"Yes," he resumed, "it was the hardest sentence I ever served, and I had nineteen years after that, too. I did the job out West, and I never would have been

suspected, had not my own mouth betrayed me.

"I got started wrong while I was in college. I might have turned out very differently, for I had the opportunity and plenty of encouragement; but instead of availing myself of those favors I acquired an insatiable desire for a life of luxury and ease, and contracted habits which no amount of money I could have earned under the most propitious circumstances would have maintained. I had been a student three years, when I got into a little difficulty over money; I should have faced it like a man, for it was nothing incriminating, but I ran away. A pal went with me, and for a time we existed by means of petty swindling. Then we quarreled and separated. He went back home and became a respectable man; I went to the devil.

"It is amazing how swiftly the wrong current will carry you. In a short while I entirely forgot my conscience and the fact that I was becoming a professional crook. I was hanging around a small country town, looking for a chance to make an easy haul so I could skip East. I had some money and was posing as a young man prospecting for a good business opening. I joined a Sunday school and laid several other wires of a social nature to further my work.

"I soon spotted a mine. About five miles out in the country there lived a well-to-do farmer whose town relatives happened to be members of the same Sunday school I had joined, and through them I found out that he was in the habit of keeping large sums of money in his house.

"When I saw him I knew at once that he would be a dangerous man to deal with, so I dismissed my original plan to break into his house, and waited. A week passed and I was becoming impatient, when the farmer and his family came to town to visit over night. A grown daughter was left to look after

things, but I did not anticipate trouble from her.

"Late that afternoon I went to the farm in a roundabout way and secreted myself in the corn field near the garden. I intended to wait until night, but just before dark the girl went to the barn for something, and, feeling certain that no one else was near, I crept into the house. A vicious looking mastiff was lying in the front yard, but he did not scent me.

"I went to the second floor, where, from the window, I could watch the girl's movements without being seen, and began a hasty search. In the front room was a large chest, which I opened with a key from my bunch. In the tray was a wallet containing a large roll of bills—over a thousand dollars I found later when I counted them. I slipped it into my pocket, relocked the chest and was about to try getting out, when I saw the girl coming.

"A tall wardrobe standing across one corner of the room afforded the only place to hide, and I quickly got behind it. The girl did not leave the house again that evening, so I settled down to wait until she went to bed.

"I felt a trifle unpleasant when I discovered that she was preparing to sleep in that room; I was afraid the mastiff would be brought in, and I knew if he was that he certainly would nose me out. But the dog was left in the yard, and I breathed easier.

"I could see the dresser plainly from where I was, and when the girl came to the mirror and let down her hair, I felt ashamed of my trade. She was a beautiful girl. Her back was turned to me, but the glass showed her face, and as I crouched there, a thief with her father's money in my pocket, a sudden wish to return it and to be an honest man once more tugged at my heart.

"She picked up a letter, the contents of which I readily surmised from the

expression on her face as she read it. The thought of her having a lover somehow hardened me to my purpose. She tucked the letter under the scarf on the dresser and began to hum a love song while she plaited her hair. Then she locked her hands behind her head, the loose sleeves of her gown slipping down over her soft, white arms, and surveyed herself from all points in the mirror. As she turned to put out the light, she laughed and said:

"I think I'm pretty with my night gown on!"

"She went to sleep almost instantly. When I heard her breathing heavily, I slipped from my hiding place. At the foot of the stairs I stopped to put on my shoes, which I had removed while behind the wardrobe, and, again eluding the dog, I was soon out on the road.

"The next morning the girl rode into town, and in less than a half an hour the news of the robbery was on everybody's tongue. The farmer wired a big detective bureau in the city, and I concluded that it would be best to remain there a week or so to disarm suspicion. Of course the detectives didn't find a clue, and the excitement gradually settled

until I could risk leaving.

"On the afternoon of the day I had made ready for my trip East—I had planned to take a midnight train—I met the farmer's daughter on the street. It had been nearly seven weeks since the robbery, and, feeling comparatively safe, I yielded to the temptation to be flip. As we passed I said, mimicking her words before the mirror: 'I think I'm pretty with my night gown on!' She merely glanced at me without showing the slightest resentment.

"Well, I was arrested before I was an hour older. At first I hoped that it might be for the insulting remark, but I soon learned that the charge was robbery. She was a clever girl, as clever as she was pretty. At my trial she testified that she had spoken those identical words before her mirror on the night of the robbery, and, as I had quoted her exactly, there was only one inference—that I must have been secreted in the room. My lawyer tried to shake her testimony by arguing that a girl in love might have said such words on any one of the 365 nights in the year, but he failed to impress the jurors. The verdict of the jury was unanimous."

AN ACTRESS WHO IS ALSO A LAWYER

MISS MARIE RAWSON, graduate of a Chicago law college and fully qualified practitioner of that most intricate and fascinating of professions, is probably the only woman in America who combines the professions of law and acting on the professional stage. Miss Rawson's first stage season was with Otis Skinner in *Prince Otto*; later she appeared in *My Friend*



MISS MARIE RAWSON

from India, then as leading woman with H. Reeves-Smith when he presented *A Brace of Partridges* and *The Tyranny of Tears*. Last season Miss Rawson was seen in *The Climbers*, and this summer finds her leading woman of the Gem Stock Company, playing at Peek's Island, Maine.

Miss Rawson prefers the stage, but expects finally to practice law.

A Day at Conan Doyle's Home

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY



UNDERSHAU, THE HOME OF THE DOYLES

"T'S Kenn'n Doyle ye want? Well, ye go down that road under the railroad bridge, then take the first turn to the right and the second turn to the left until ye see a house under the hill near the 'uts."

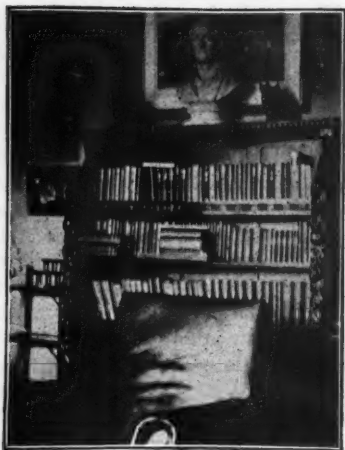
"And how far is it?"

"It's a good two mile and a 'alf."

His "two mile and a 'alf" means four American miles, and half of it a climb to the top of the hill range, where quite a group of literateurs have located. Hind-head is that distance from the nearest railroad and probably always will be, as the

topography of the country precludes the building of any such connection with the outside world—for which its people are doubtless grateful. Along the range of hills can be found the homes of some of England's most noted writers and scientists. Six hundred feet above the sea, it is high enough to get the invigorating air of such altitudes, while from the English channel, only twenty miles away, comes the pleasant sea breeze. Though attractive at all seasons, the valley is especially interesting in summer, when the purple of the heather in bloom intermingles with the yellow of the grain and the green of the groves. It is all free to residents of the vicinity to shoot and stroll in at pleasure, for the uncultivated land is held by the original owners of the country hereabouts as a sort of game preserve and pasture ground, which those who purchase homes have an opportunity to use.

Suppose the reader were to accompany the author on one of his pedestrian excursions. Dr. Doyle would greet him dressed, if the weather permitted, in a loosely fitting blue flannel coat, something on the peajacket order, white canvas trousers, turned at the bottoms, and heavy walking shoes. He is fond of the wide brimmed straw hat. Taking up his blackthorn, away he starts with a stride that stretches your muscles to keep up with him. It makes very little difference whether the walking is good or bad or the road is hilly or level, he keeps up the same gait, and as he goes his spirits seem to rise. He is familiar with every curious story and character in the vicinity, and as he passes this or that spot may regale his companion with a bit of legend or incident which shows his wonderful memory for the odd things and ideas of the world. Perhaps a farmer or country laborer passes whom the Doctor knows. He stops, shakes hands as though with a long lost friend and enters into conversation as easily and unaffectedly as though he had known the man all his life or was a tiller of the soil himself. He can talk about the prospects of the coming potato crop, or the best grade of cattle for dairy purposes, as readily as discuss a difficult surgical operation or the different schools of English fiction. In short, he has the faculty of meeting every man on familiar ground.



SHERLOCK HOLMES ABOVE THE BOOKCASE

Naturally of a peaceable disposition, the author is not to be trifled with any more than some of the characters in his writings. He is a great believer in fair play, and on more than one occasion has stood up for the weaker man in trouble, to the cost of his assailant. They tell a story about Haslemere of a little adventure in which he took part at Southsea, near Portsmouth, his former home. The cart drivers at Southsea have boys to help deliver their loads. One morning, as the Doctor was getting a little exercise to whet his appetite for breakfast, one of these carts came along. The driver, a heavily built man, had been drinking until he was in an ugly mood. For some reason he became angry with the boy, and stopping his horse, began beating the lad

with the handle of his whip. He was so busily engaged that he did not know anyone else was interested until a hand grasped him by the shoulder and pulled him headlong into the street.

"I think you've done about enough of this, my man."

"It's no business of such gentry as you to interfere when the young rascal needs a beating," and the enraged driver, who had struggled to his feet, drew back his whip to strike the newcomer. The Doctor's right fist landed on his face and he went down like a log. When he arose it was to apologize. The fight had been, to use a slang phrase, "knocked out of him."

Summer, when field sports are in their height, finds Dr. Doyle in his happiest mood. But little sign of literary pursuit is to be found about the house. Even his library is made the receptacle for cricket and tennis kits, guns and trout tackle. Riding breeches, hunting boots and other paraphernalia are spread all over the place.

The Doctor is a member of one of the best amateur cricket teams in England; as the cricket season occupies nearly two months, it may be surmised that very little literary work is done about Undershaw until its close, or between spring and autumn. In addition to cricket, however, a spring trap and the fragments of numerous clay pigeons scattered about the grounds attest his fondness for shooting. The six horses in the stables include two fine saddle mares, one of which has a record as a jumper. At the side of the house is a grass tennis court bearing the indications of frequent usage, while one of the largest rooms is given up to billiard and pool tables for indoor sport in inclement weather—although the rain must fall fast or the snow be deep to keep the author-sportsman from enjoying some outdoor pastime, if he feels thus inclined.

Undershaw is very much of today—like its host. It cannot boast of anything historical, as it was built less than a dozen years ago. England has hundreds of other homes more pretentious, but it would be difficult to find one better arranged for enjoyment. From his library Dr. Doyle can look down the valley upon a picture into which nothing enters to mar its peaceful beauty. Near

at hand he can see his own grounds, partly level and partly hillside, the latter covered with gorse and heather and alive with rabbits. The long writing table of oak upholstered in leather contains the necessary room for writing materials, also for a box of tobacco and an assortment of pipes, as well as a dictionary and one or two other reference books. Each of the two cases against the wall holds perhaps a hundred books of poetry, history, travel, biography and fiction,



THE AUTHOR'S HELPMATE

including several of his own works, also an elaborate edition of Scott. Perhaps the most notable feature of Dr. Doyle's library is a bust of Sherlock Holmes, the detective whose marvelous performances, as depicted by the author, have been the wonder of the English reading world.

This man, whose right name was Belden, was a Scotchman residing in Edinboro. His study of human nature led him to play the part of detective, and he met with success in hunting down several noted criminals who had eluded the professional detective force of the kingdom. Dr. Doyle chanced to make his acquaintance and an intimacy sprang up between the two men which resulted in the production of the "detective stories," which have been so interesting because the reader was forced by the narration to believe that they were true. The famous character was a man of medium height, and, though delicate in appearance, very wiry and muscular. He was what Americans would call a "dead shot" with a revolver, and the knowledge of his skill among the criminal classes undoubtedly saved his life on several occasions when tracing out the perpetrators of crimes.

The mistress of Undershaw is decidedly petite in contrast to her big, athletic husband, and her delicate appearance is an indication of her health. Her illness has not in any way affected Mrs. Doyle's spirits, and she has the rare faculty of making those who enter her home feel that at least for the time they are a part of the household.

Dr. Doyle's hours of work are irregular, and a chapter or but a page or two may be written between pipe puffs after the morning or evening meal. His workshop is always ready with an abundance of paper, pens and pencils, while the box of smoking mixture always contains a good supply for the favorite stumpy black pipe. How many descriptions have been written with that pipe clenched between the author's teeth will probably never be known, but its appearance indicates that it has done yeoman service.

"While the churches are busy with the small and selfish things of creed, sectarian strife, and elegant and costly houses of worship, the real spirit of the Christian religion is finding expression in the world in other ways and through other avenues."—Rev. Clyde Elbert Ordway.

Our Army and Navy

By *WALDON FAWCETT*



LORD ROBERTS, WHO WILL BE
THE GUEST OF U. S. ARMY
OFFICERS

FOLLOWING the recent visit of General Baden-Powell, the famous British cavalry commander, American army officers are looking forward with interest to the proposed visit of Field Marshal Lord Roberts. Foreign officers who visit the United States usually come in a more or less critical frame of mind; but, as might be expected, the officers of Uncle Sam's fighting forces are frequently enabled to gain many pointers from the contact of keen wits. That, on the other hand, the American army and navy is becoming an increasing source of interest to foreign powers, is eloquently attested by the great increase in the number of military and naval attaches on the staffs of the embassies and legations at Washington.

SPEAKING to the young men of the nation through the National Magazine, General S. B. M. Young declares that the chances for young men in the United States Army are today better than ever. There can be no question but that General Young is qualified to speak authoritatively on this subject, for he has been in the American army since 1860, when he entered the ranks of the privates as a boy volunteer. Step by step he has risen until he is today the ranking major general of the service; the president of the War College board; and about

to take up the duties of chief of the new General Staff, a position which makes him the successor of General Miles as the virtual head of Uncle Sam's fighting force on land. When asked concerning the opportunities for young men in the reorganized army General Young said:

"Never before were the chances in the army so good as now for the young man who has the ability and energy to rise. There can be no question but that the organization of the War College and of the General Staff marks an epoch in the United States army. Henceforth it will require merit to win, and there will be scant chance for the man without it. Under this new plan the War College will have as one of its principal functions the preparation of a complete system of military education, beginning with the special service schools and continuing up to the college itself, and eventually, in all probability, to the General Staff. In order to enable ambitious officers and men to perfect themselves in their chosen branches of the service, and thus win advancement, we will, as a part of the plan above mentioned, enlarge the scope of our chain of special service schools consisting of the Torpedo school at Fort Totten, New York; the Artillery school at Fort Monroe, Virginia; the Engineers school at Washington, D. C.;

the Cavalry and Light Artillery school at Fort Riley, Kansas; and the Staff and General Service school at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

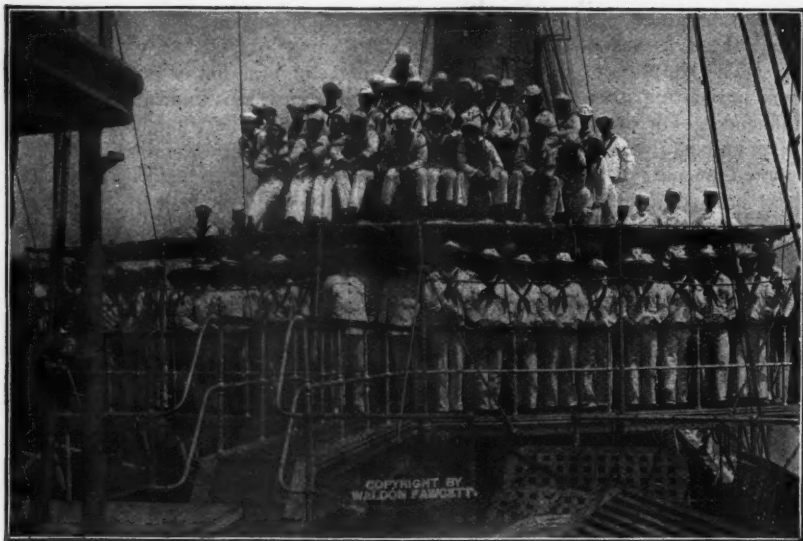
"The adoption of this new system means the elimination of political influence in securing promotions and the banishment of what is known as 'petticoat influence';—in other words, it will render inoperative the influence of men's wives and families and the influence of wealth. The man who enlists with the avowed purpose of winning a commission will at the end of two years service have an opportunity to take an examination, and should he show the necessary proficiency he will take precedence of all candidates for commissions, save the graduates of West Point. From that time forward an examination will constitute the gateway to each promotion, and if the candidate is willing to work hard there is no limit to his advancement. In the army, as elsewhere, there is plenty of room at the top, and there is going to be plenty of room all along the line for men who are made of the right stuff."

THE administrative officials of the United States army have been giving much attention of late to the question of the health of the enlisted men of the service, and incidentally are seeking to develop to the highest possible state of efficiency the army nurse corps. The possibilities in this line could hardly be better exemplified than by the wonderful sanitarium for consumptives which the war department has established at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. In the beneficial climate of the Southwest and under the most rigid sanitary conditions, complete cures are being effected in all but the most serious cases. United States army surgeons and members of the army nurse corps attend the patients.

THE early autumn witnesses many important changes in high official circles in the army and navy. The important transfers of positions of authority in the army made necessary by the inauguration of the new General Staff have already been mentioned, and lately has come the announcement by Secretary Moody of changes equally important in the navy and marine corps which are likewise to take effect during the late summer or early autumn. Colonel George F. Elliott of the United States Marine Corps is to be made commandant of the marine corps with the rank of brigadier general, upon the statutory retirement of Major General Charles Heywood. Pay Director Henry T. B. Davis succeeds Rear Admiral Albert S. Kenny as chief of the bureau of supplies and accounts of the



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE ARMY'S NEW HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES AT FORT BAYARD, N. M.



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE DOLPHIN, "UNCLE SAM'S PRIVATE YACHT"

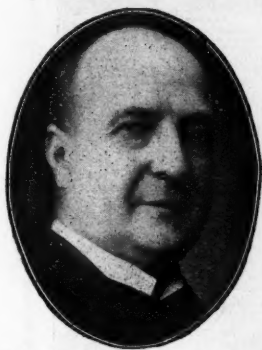
navy department, and Captain Charles W. Rae is elevated to the rank of rear admiral and succeeds Rear Admiral George W. Melville in the highly important position of chief of the bureau of steam engineering. Rear Admirals Melville and Kenny were both placed on the retired list on account of having reached the age limit months ago and only continued in office in order to give the president time to give due consideration to the filling of their places. Captain Rae, who succeeds to the office held by Rear Admiral Melville, has had about fifteen years service at sea. Since May, 1900, he has been stationed in Washington as a member of the naval examining board. He rendered particularly good service during the Spanish war and was advanced in numbers in recognition. Pay Director Harris, the new chief of the bureau of supplies and accounts, was in the voluntary navy during the Civil War. Colonel Elliott, the new commandant of the United States Marine Corps—the soldiers of the navy—is one of the heroes of the Spanish war and was advanced in grade because of conspicuous service. Out of thirtytwo years service he has spent fourteen at sea. The rank of major general in the marine corps was created by congress especially for the benefit of General Heywood, and expires on his retirement in October. As already stated, Colonel Elliott, his successor, will have the rank of brigadier general.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY MOODY, who has, by the way, just announced that he will at the expiration of President Roosevelt's first term retire from his present position and resume the practice of law, has planned to make an inspection tour of the navy yards and naval stations of the north Atlantic coast, using for the purpose the steel dispatch boat Dolphin, which by reason of the fact that it is always kept at the disposition of the president and the secretary of the navy, has come to be known as "Uncle Sam's private yacht." Mr. Moody will be accompanied by naval committeemen of the senate and house.

Youngstown, Ohio, a City of Wonders In Iron and Steel.

By CONGRESSMAN JAMES KENNEDY.

With Illustrations from Photographs by A. B. Christy.



CONGRESSMAN JAMES KENNEDY

YOUNGSTOWN is located in the Mahoning valley in eastern Ohio, and is one of the most prosperous, thriving cities in the nation. Its population in 1880 was 16,000; in 1890, 33,000; in 1900, 44,000. A careful enumeration taken a few months since shows its present population to be 58,000. Its principal industry is the manufacture of iron and steel. The materials of which steel is made can be assembled here as cheaply as anywhere on the continent.

All the great railroads from Pittsburg to the Great Lakes pass through Youngstown, giving it unexcelled facilities for transportation.

Being midway between the ore and coke, with the best of limestone lying in exhaustless quantities at its door in the river hills, Youngstown is steadily and surely earning the right to be called the principal annex to "the world's great workshop," as President Roosevelt so aptly styled Youngstown's neighboring city of Pittsburg.

The following is a statement of the total tonnage of the raw materials consumed in the iron and steel and kindred trades, together with the total productions of finished material in Youngstown during the year 1902. The figures are approximately correct:

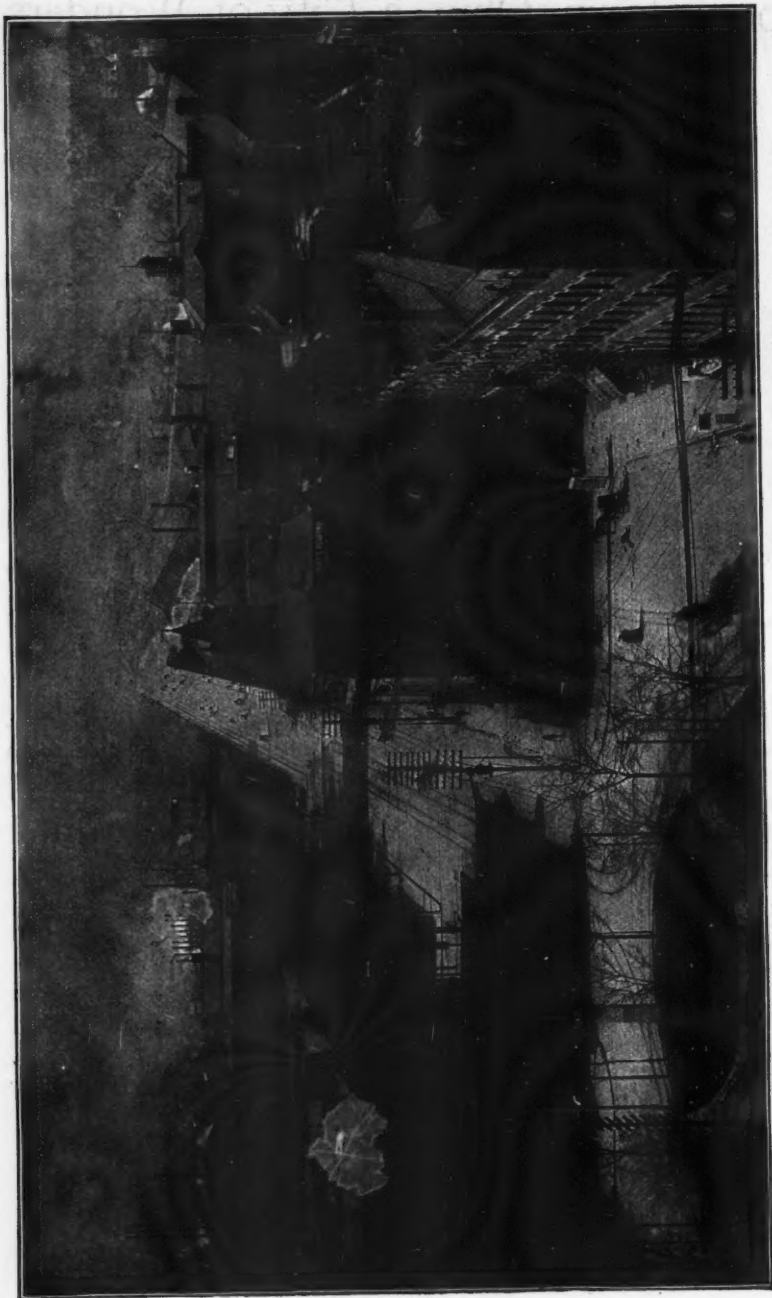
Blast furnaces, pig iron produced . . .	1,500,000 tons	Foundry machine shops, material used . . .	130,000 "
Blast furnaces, raw materials used . . .	8,400,000 "	Bessemer and open hearth steel, produced . . .	1,600,000 "
Foundry machine shops, produced . . .	65,000 "	Finished shafting, produced	7,930 "

The largest single plant in Youngstown is the Ohio Steel plant, now controlled by the United States Steel Company, and consisting of blast furnaces, converting works and finishing mill. There steel is made from the raw ore at the rate of 2,000 tons per day. The books of this company show that in the year 1901 it received 1,905,588 tons of raw materials and shipped 533,165 tons of finished steel, thus making the aggregate of its commerce 2,438,753 tons.

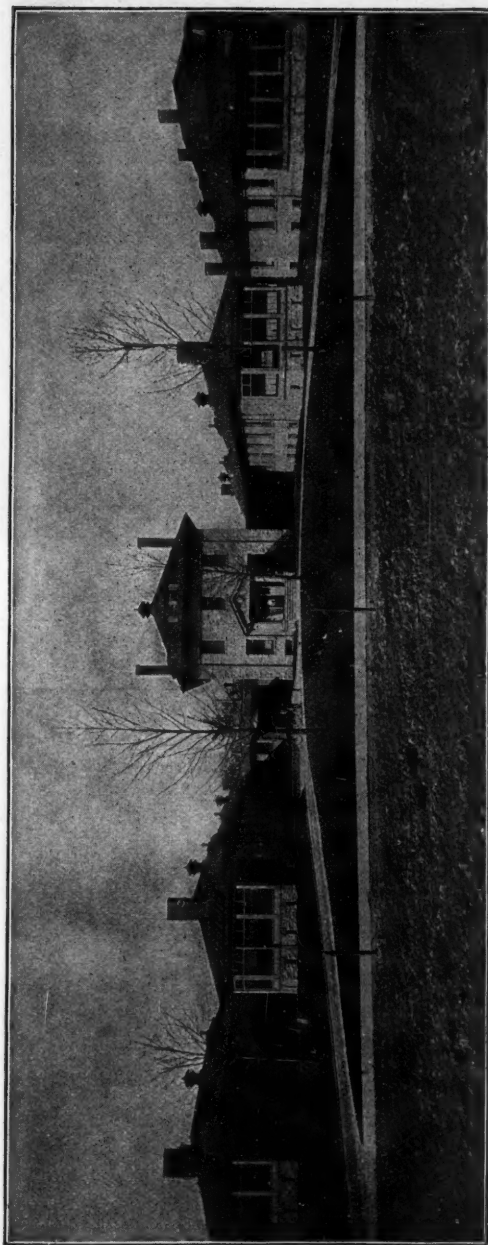
This plant is followed closely by the great works of The Republic Iron



THE ELKS' CLUB HOUSE, YOUNGSTOWN



A VIEW OF THE SOUTH SIDE OF YOUNGSTOWN, SHOWING MARKET STREET VIADUCT AND A PART OF CENTRAL SQUARE



Courtesy of the Youngstown Telegram

THE YOUNGSTOWN CITY HOSPITAL

and Steel Company, the Brier Hill Iron and Coal Company, by both the upper and lower mills of the American Steel Hoop Company, Youngstown Iron Sheet and Tube Company, Youngstown Steel Company, National Tube Co. and the Youngstown Iron and Steel Roofing Company.

These great iron works swell the tonnage of Youngstown's commerce until it approximates 12,000,000 tons per annum, a total surpassed by that of only a very few of the great cities of the world.

Railroads

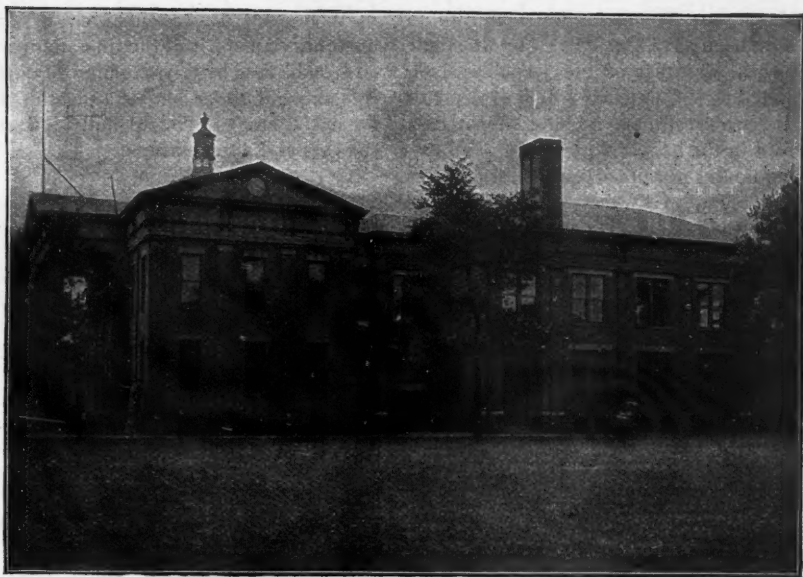
Youngstown has five great railroads,—the Pennsylvania Company, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Erie, and the Pittsburg & Lake Erie. These roads are all double tracked between Youngstown and Pittsburg and Youngstown and Lake Erie and have greater earning capacity per mile of track on that part of their road in the iron district than any other railroads in the world. The last annual statement of the Pittsburg & Lake Erie last showed its gross earnings on its two hundred miles of track to be little in excess of \$55,000 per mile of its track.



FALLS IN MILL CREEK PARK, YOUNGSTOWN



PAVILION IN MILL CREEK PARK, YOUNGSTOWN



RAYEN HIGH SCHOOL, YOUNGSTOWN

Youngstown's machine shops and foundries are some of them more widely known even than her great iron and steel plants. William Tod & Company are builders and designers of the largest blowing engines in the world. The Lloyd Booth Company constructs all kinds of rolling mill machinery. The George B. Sennett Company, the Enterprise Boiler Company and the William B. Pollock Company are other great businesses. Youngstown has two large factories where wagons and carriages are made. A large rubber works has just been established by The Republic Rubber Company, also an extensive factory owned by The Standard Oil Cloth Company.

The Banks

Youngstown has six banks—the Wick National, the First National, the Second National, the Mahoning National, the Commercial National and the Dollar Savings & Trust Company. All are

strong, healthy and prosperous institutions. Youngstown in all its history has never had a bank failure.

In order that the reader may appreciate Youngstown as a banking city, we give a statement of the growth and development of the youngest of these banks. The Dollar Savings & Trust Company was organized in 1887 with a paid up capital of \$500,000; in 1896 the capital was increased to \$300,000, in 1901 to \$500,000 and again in 1903 to \$1,000,000. In 1897 the deposits of this bank were \$500,000 and these have since increased to \$3,250,000.

The greater part of the deposits in the banks of Youngstown are savings from wages paid to laboring men in the iron works, mills and factories. Through the courtesy of the several banks we are able to lay before you a careful and accurate statement of the money paid out to laboring men in the principal industries in our city, for the first two weeks in

May, 1903. It shows the aggregate to have been \$623,882. The largest single payroll was that of the Republic Iron and Steel Company—\$135,482. Nor does this estimate include the salaries paid in the banks, stores, hotels and eating houses nor of carpenters, bricklayers and a hundred other smaller business concerns. It is a conservative estimate that the payroll in the city of Youngstown will exceed a million dollars per month.

Street Railroads

Youngstown has a good street car service. Its electric lines connect it with the neighboring cities of Warren, Niles, Sharon and Newcastle.

Schools

The schools of Youngstown are of the very best. It has one of the best high schools in the state, founded and endowed by the generosity of Colonel Rayen, where the youths of Youngstown may obtain a liberal education without cost.

Hospitals

Youngstown has two splendid hospitals, the Youngstown City Hospital and the Mahoning Valley Hospital. The Youngstown City Hospital is said to be one of the most beautiful and most perfectly appointed and equipped hospitals

in America. It was inspired by the humanitarian spirit of the time, founded and established by private generosity, and it is thought to be almost a pleasure to be sick there, so efficient and kind are the care and attendance.

Public Library

In the heart of the city stands the Reuben McMillan library, also a monument to the philanthropy of Youngstown's generous citizens. It is well stocked with the best of books and free to all.

Churches and the Y. M. C. A.

There are over fifty churches and missions here, and many of them have very handsome and costly homes. The Y. M. C. A. building was built by popular subscriptions eleven years ago, at a cost of \$90,000. The association has 1,293 members.

Parks

Two beautiful public parks add to the beauty of the city and contribute to the health and pleasure of its people.

It is hoped and believed that the city council will, by wise and conservative regulations, restrain to a degree at least the smoke nuisance,—then will Youngstown look less like "hell with the lid off" and be indeed a beautiful city.

IN ANTICIPATION

"**A** LADY clerk, sir! fain would I,
To sell me what I've come to buy."
"Now, lady, show me yards of mull,
And soft and thin to gather full;
With lace that's dainty, and so fine,
(Tis for more tender flesh than mine!)
Cambric and linen, white and neat,
As for a sacred robing meet.

"Two flannel pieces, one yard square,
With creamy finish, warm and fair,
And one to be with ribbon bound,
And one with silken floss worked round.
"And yards and yards of dainty stuff,
My heart must tell me what's enough;
With spools of white to sew the seams."—
Oh happy wife! Oh tender dreams!

Cora A. Matson-Dolson

National's Photographic Prize Contest

IN the June National prizes were offered for the first, second and third best photographs in three classes: First, out of door scenes; second, girls between sixteen and twenty years of age; third, babies under two years of age. The contest closed on June 20 and the winning photographs are presented herewith.



SCENE ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK
First prize photograph, by C. A. Weddall, Fredericton, N. B.



"HILDA'S PETS"

Second prize photograph, by Mrs. John Bosfield, Haverstraw, New York



"THE WATERFALLS"

Third prize photograph, by Peter L. Creighton, Harrisville, Rhode Island



"A WINSOME FACE"

First prize photograph, by W. O. Engler, Washington, D C.



"A WASHINGTON MAID"

Second prize photograph, by W. O. Engler, Washington, D C.



"PAULINE, OUR MAID AT SARANAC LAKE"
Third prize photograph, by Louise Allen, Denver,
Colorado



"SCOTT CARHART, BUSY"
First prize photograph, by L. Hagan, West Superior,
Wisconsin



CARROLL YAUCH AT ELEVEN MONTHS
Second prize photograph, by M. A. Yauch, Rochester,
New York



BYRON ARTHUR CHAPIN OF KENSINGTON, MARY-
LAND, AT SIX MONTHS
Third prize photograph, by Mr. Estabrook, Washing-
ton, D. C.

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

AT the opening of the nineteenth century Finland, next door to Sweden, was a Swedish dependency. Then Russia whipped Sweden in war and took Finland. The czar of that day was wise and kind. He allowed the Finns to have home rule and to continue using the Swedish language. Later czars limited home rule; the reigning czar has abolished it. Free press and free speech have been throttled. Young Finns are forced into the Russian army. The best blood and brains of the country is in exile, voluntary or otherwise. All Scandinavia is alarmed for its own safety. Sweden, Norway and Denmark are discussing the need for a closer alliance for defense against the Great White Bear. It is even intimated that Britain is more interested in Russia's advance westward than eastward,—that it will within this century become necessary for the nations of western Europe to unite for self preservation. Their surest defense is the growth of liberal thought in the czar's own domain, and in the rapid advance of their own peoples toward free and happy democracy. A serf accepts a change of masters stolidly: a freeman fights for home and country.

THE socialists are making great gains in Germany. Americans are interested in this, not only because it means that Germany is approaching our own standards of free government, but for business reasons. The German socialists want German tariffs on American foodstuffs removed,—they are working people mainly and want food to be cheap and plenty. Yesterday they were a mere handful in the German congress: today they are more than one third of its membership. In the elections just closed, they won scores of seats from the aristocrats and the farmers, who have been building up high tariffs against American grains and meats. Hitherto German elections have been decided mainly upon religious and professional political issues: hereafter, there as here, business issues will decide elections. Truly, as Charles Ferguson says, the day of the professional politician is passing. The masses of the people the world over are learning to demand the comforts of life, and how to get them.

IN this connection, it is to be noted that Joseph Chamberlain's plan for a British tariff league has failed. Chamberlain proposed to weld the mother country and her colonies closer together by levying a tariff on foodstuffs imported by Britain from other sources than her colonies. This meant dearer bread and meat for the British workman, since most of his bread and meat are now bought from the United States, and for many years to come must be bought here. Chamberlain is dreaming dreams of the middle ages. Imperialism is out of date and out of favor with the masses of the world,—at any rate when it threatens their stomachs. Free thought and a free press, gaining power constantly, make

constantly more sure the universal reign of ideals, the downfall of arbitrary despotisms and the setting free of all men to travel, trade and know each other without restraint. Frontiers and toll takers are going out of fashion everywhere.

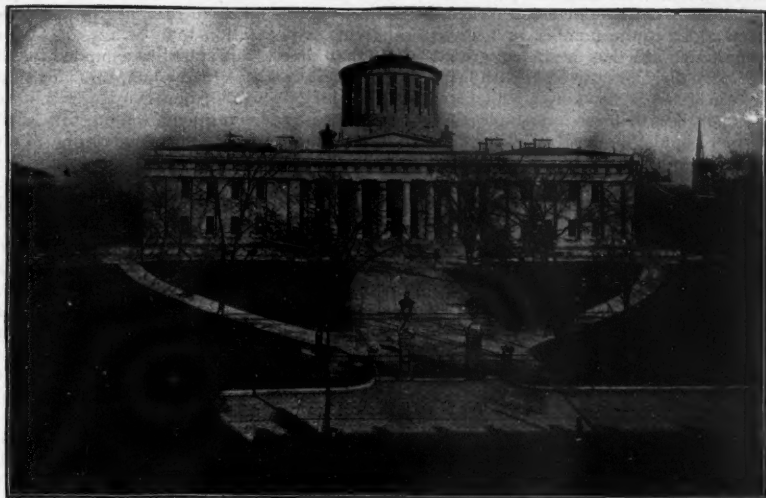
THE most interesting fact in American politics just now is the dead set that Pierpont Morgan is making against President Roosevelt. When the Harper publishing house failed, Morgan put a million into it and made George Harvey secretary. Harvey is the editor of Harper's Weekly. And each number of the Weekly contains most caustic, but usually unfair and ineffective, criticism of the president. Roosevelt's nomination in 1904 is conceded, but Morgan's Weekly seems to cling to the hope that the democrats will nominate a man who can beat him. The choice of Morgan's Weekly is Grover Cleveland, whom it characterizes as "safe," or a man of the Cleveland stamp. All that was needed to insure Roosevelt's election was the hot opposition of Wall Street. The gods certainly are good to Teddy. One National reader—a democrat—wants to know why I like Roosevelt so well. I never saw the man. I never "shook the hand that shook the hand," as we used to say of John L. But I have seen Theodore Roosevelt make good three times out of three since he entered the White House: First, when most of the bigwigs North and South were amicably agreeing that the negro had failed as a citizen and should hereafter be submerged, I saw Roosevelt take Booker Washington to his table and declare his purpose to treat the decent, educated black citizen as a man, strictly on his personal merits; second I saw him tackle the lawless Northern Pacific merger gang without asking their leave; third, I saw him pound sense into the mule brained coal operators and get the coal strike settled. I like Roosevelt because he has brains and a backbone.

EVERYBODY is interested in preserving the good times this country is now enjoying. Everybody naturally wants the largest obtainable share of the good times. This is the cause of the hundreds of labor strikes the papers report day by day. Each union seems to be reaching out for all it can get, regardless of other unions, and regardless of the great majority of unorganized Americans who have to pay the freight. When the employer has to raise wages he simply marks up prices. This is especially true of industries controlled by trusts. Very timely, therefore, is the warning recently given by Clarence Darrow. Darrow represented the miners' union before the coal strike commission. He is labor's friend, and a very wise and patriotic man. Speaking before the Henry George Society in Chicago a few nights ago, he uttered counsels that should be read by every union workman. He told his hearers it was foolish and selfish of each union to center its thoughts solely on getting higher wages. Strikes cost more than they earn, nine times out of ten. The way to get a fairer distribution of comforts is for union men to study economics and go into politics. Special privileges, whether granted by a king or by a political machine, have always enriched classes at the expense of masses. The way to get a fair deal all around is for every man to insist on equal treatment of all by the government which is the common and equal agent of all. In a word, Mr. Darrow says that the strike has gone out of date. The new organization of business and industry has robbed it of its effectiveness. The man who strikes and gets higher wages has promptly—almost automatically—to pay more money for everything he buys. The thing for him to do now is to use his vote to wipe out the soft snaps of those who are getting rich through special favors from the governments—city, state and national.

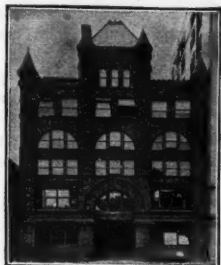
Columbus, Ohio

By **ROBERT G. BOWIE**

Assistant Editor of the Columbus Board of Trade Bulletin



THE OHIO STATE CAPITOL
Photograph by Baker's Studio



BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING

COLUMBUS, the capital city of the great state of Ohio, is picturesquely situated on the Scioto river, near the center of the state.

Ohio has, during the last few weeks, celebrated the centennial of her admission to the Union. About the same season, just one hundred years ago, Franklin county was formed, having as its seat of justice Franklinton, situated on the west bank of the Scioto. This latter is the oldest portion of the present city of Columbus, which, some years later, sprung up on the east bank of the river, whither the county seat was moved in 1824, and within whose corporate limits old Franklinton has long since been merged.

The first legislature convened at Chillicothe in 1803, but the state's capital was not permanently decided upon until 1812, when an act was passed establishing the capital at what was destined to become Columbus, on the east bank of the Scioto, opposite Franklinton; and on June 18 of that year, the same day Congress declared war on Great Britain, the "Borough of Columbus" was laid off, on a site at that time enshrouded in primeval forest.

The earliest record in regard to population dates from 1815, when it was given as 700. Five years later it had doubled and in 1830 it had increased to 2,437. The next decade saw Columbus in touch with the Ohio canal, connecting Cleveland and Portsmouth. This was also the epoch of the passage through Columbus of the famous National road—a magnificent piece of engineering, reaching from Wheeling, West Virginia, to Indianapolis. These events marked the beginning of an era in the development of Columbus, and of that rapid but steady growth in prosperity and population which

has continued up to the present time. In 1840 the population had been practically tripled since the beginning of the decade, the census showing 6,048. It was tripled again during the ensuing ten years—the next census report (1850) giving her 17,882. In 1870 there was a population of 31,274; in 1880, 51,647, and in 1890, 88,150.

The thirteen years which have passed over Ohio's capital since that time, are certainly far from giving any indication of having been influenced by the traditionally unlucky number. During this period she has advanced with almost titanic strides—unprecedented in her own history. When the last census was taken, in 1900, nearly 40,000 had been added to the number of her citizens, giving a population total of 125,560. More remarkable still has been her growth since that time. The statistics compiled for the next city directory, together with last year's enumeration of school youth, furnish a basis from which it is computed, with certainty, that our city cannot now contain, within her confines, less than 150,000 people; or in other words, 25,000 residents (or one fifth of the former population) has been added within the last three years. The same continued rate of increase will see Columbus safely past the quarter of a million mark when the next census is taken in 1910. Nor does this include a number of suburbs, outside the corporation limits, but properly a part of Columbus—so closely adjacent to the city that, in some cases, it is impossible to tell where the one leaves off and the other begins.

Situated in almost the exact geographical center of the state, and, as regards population, practically so with respect to the whole country; forming the gateway between the Hocking Valley and southern Ohio coal fields on the south, and the Great Lakes on the north; having direct railway connections with every county in the state, as also with all parts of the country; with unsurpassed hotel accommodations; provided with halls and theaters having a combined capacity of 40,000, and an auditorium seating 8,000; equipped and ornamented with numerous public institutions, and with other points of interest to attract and entertain visitors, it is natural that Columbus, Ohio, should have become what she is—the convention city of the country.

That Columbus is an exceptionally healthy city is demonstrated by the fact that her death rate is lower than that of any other city of approximately the same size in the United States. And, furthermore, every year in the last decade has seen a decrease in the number of deaths per thousand.

Columbus has a financial solidity that is conspicuous throughout the country. She has twentyone sound and well managed banks, six of which are national banks. The clearings for the last year amounted to \$415,311,400.

Columbus is a great railroad center. The first to enter this city was the Columbus & Zenia, in 1850, and on February 20 of that year there steamed into Columbus the first train, probably, which had ever greeted the eyes of many of the onlookers. But what a change has been wrought by the half century of which that date marked the beginning! Eighteen steam roads now converge here, over which 148 passenger trains daily enter and leave the city. The Pennsylvania road alone has 367 locomotives which either are permanently kept in the city or pass through daily; and this is, of course, but a small part of the total. The new Union station, the recipient of the greater number of these trains, is one of the finest in the country.

Columbus has also made gigantic advancement in the acquisition of interurban roads. Two or three years ago, there was but one electric road entering the city, and but two reaching the city limits. Now she is the common center to and from which ten of these "great developers," either in operation or under construction, wend their way. And still others are projected—a half dozen or more from Cleveland, Toledo, and other points in the north will ere long send their cars into Columbus over the Columbus, Delaware & Marion. This vast system, reaching out in all directions to every part of the state and beyond, resembles a huge wheel, of which the capital city of Ohio is the hub. And who can forecast how great will be the ultimate advantage to the latter? People who formerly thought of a trip to Columbus as a journey, now come here to do their shopping, and return, without being conscious of any marked effort. Cars are run on several of the lines with hours specially adapted to the theatres—a convenience of which large crowds are glad to avail themselves. More than this the "interurban loop" can not fail, in due course of time, to open up the side streets, with which it comes in contact, to a business activity rivaling that of High street. Indeed, the seed sown by this influence is already beginning to bear such fruit. Besides the interurbans, there are over a hundred miles of street railway, whose cars are confined within the city limits.

It may also be well to mention, in passing, that Columbus has more miles of improved streets, proportionately to its size, than any city in America.

The value of new buildings in 1902 was \$2,706,315;—an increase of about forty per cent. over the record of 1901. This does not include the factories and dwelling houses built during the year, outside of but immediately adjacent to the city limits. These alone aggregated, in round numbers, \$800,000. Large as this is, another \$2,000,000 worth would be required to place the supply equal to the demand. Every new building is eagerly snapped up. Store and office buildings have readily found tenants before being completed, and, in many cases, before they were begun. The writer recalls an interview a



A GROUP OF COLUMBUS' HOTELS

few months ago from which he learned that six new buildings, recently erected on two short blocks in the North End, were all engaged to tenants, though several were at that time far from completion.

The Board of Trade standing committee on statistics, in its annual report submitted in January of the present year, speaking of the manufacturing industries of Columbus, says:

"The census of 1900 gives the chief manufacturing industries of Columbus to be: iron and steel, foundry and machine shop products, boots and shoes, cars and general shop production, repairs by steam railway companies, carriages and wagons, malt liquors, patent medicines and compounds and oleomargarine. Columbus is favorably situated for iron and steel, being easily accessible to both Lake Superior iron ore and to Pennsylvania and West Virginia coke; and also to a superior grade of limestone. The boot and shoe in-



A BLOCK OF SKYSCRAPERS, TAKEN FROM BROAD STREET, OPPOSITE CAPITOL SQUARE

dustry is favored by a large western market and by local production of leather. The abundance of hardwood timber and leather makes favorable conditions for carriage manufacture."

Columbus has four distinctively coal railroads. Cheap coal is, therefore, one of the things which she has had thrust upon her; and no other city in the country has such facility for bringing to itself raw material for manufacturing purposes, all things considered, at freight rates so low. Yet, were the fullest possible advantage taken of our strategic position, so bountiful is the supply of coal which is marketed through Columbus, that no matter how great a demand we might create for its consumption here, the lake trade, with its return of empty cars, still remains—and herein lies the opportunity that the industrial world is coming more perfectly to appreciate.

The iron ore which supplies the teeming furnaces of the lake cities and of Pittsburg is wholly supplied from mines bordering upon the Great Lakes. It can therefore be delivered in Columbus at a much lower cost than in Pittsburg, and little above the cost of its delivery in Toledo and Cleveland. The distance from Columbus to the lakes is only two thirds of the distance to Pittsburg; and iron ore must be carried from the lakes to the latter city in cars specially provided for that purpose: there are no "empties" which would profit by carrying it for "a song." Every load of iron ore brought from the lakes to Columbus would mean a clear profit, to the road bringing it, of the entire freight charge; the hauling of it making no considerable increase in the running expense of the company.

In cheap coal and cheap transportation of ore Columbus has unsurpassed facilities for the manufacture of iron at every stage of the process, over any inland city in the country; and it may fairly be claimed that supremacy in the manufacture of iron on a large scale (growing out of conditions, natural and artificial) belong preeminently to this city, though such conditions have only recently reached the point of general recognition.

But these are not the only points of vantage we hold in the manufacture of iron. An essential in the reduction of iron ore is a chemical agent known as flux. The limestone quarried at our city limits is one of the most satisfactory fluxes known to the iron workers and is found in such abundance and quality that it is furnished to other cities with which we are in competition in the manufacture of iron in various sections of the Union.

In the number of pairs of shoes produced, Columbus stands first in the vast field west of the Alleghenies, and one of the factories here enjoys the proud distinction of producing more pairs of shoes per annum than any other in the world. The president of one of the local factories furnishes the following interesting statement:

"During the last year Columbus factories cut up into boots and shoes the hides of about 250,000 beeves, and the skins of 200,000 sheep, 500,000 calves and 1,500,000 goats—a vast drove of animals that, in solid column, the width of High Street from curb to curb (100 feet), would extend in a straight line from Columbus almost to Indianapolis."

The carriage industry had its origin here about thirty years ago; and such has been its development that Columbus is now noted for producing more high grade vehicles than any other city in the world.

Since, from the vast concourse of factories and other institutions which have played an important part in the triumphal progress of Columbus—too many for enumeration within the present limited space—a few could not be selected for mention without suspicion of individiousness, the writer feels compelled to refrain from doing so, and thus confines himself to generalities.

It would be a grave error to leave the subject of Columbus industries without reference to the Columbus Board of Trade, which has exercised such a potent and well

directed influence for their establishment and advancement. The Board was organized in 1884, and has now, through the able administration of its happily selected officers, as well as the city pride and public spirit of its members, swelled to an army numbering more than a thousand, exceeding the membership of any similar organization in a city of like size in the United States. Its valuable services in locating manufacturing industries, in securing conventions to the city, opposing pernicious legislation, municipal or state, in a nonpartisan way, and in promoting at all times everything which may be deemed best for the capital city's welfare, cannot be over estimated.

In the midst of all this commercial and industrial activity it is gratifying to learn that art and letters have not been ignored, nor lost sight of in the pursuit of the dollar. A movement is now well under way for the erection of an art gallery, for which a large fund, supplied through the beneficence of Emerson McMillin, a former resident of Columbus, is now in the hands of the trustees. At the present time there are seven libraries, containing 190,000 books, and the records of the city librarian show the percentage of books of biography, science and history drawn, and presumably read, to be higher than that of any other miscellaneous circulating library in the country. To the city's store houses of knowledge will soon be added a magnificent Carnegie library, for which appropriations have already been made, a site selected, and architectural plans submitted.

Few cities possess the educational advantages of Columbus, as will be shown by the following extract from an article written by Professor J. A. Shawan, superintendent of public schools, and published some months ago in the Columbus Board of Trade Bulletin:

"The forty large and commodious public school buildings, distributed to every part of the city, are crowned by four well equipped high schools . . . The state has here united with the city in furnishing facilities for higher education rarely enjoyed by a community. The great university, whose gates are open to every young person qualified to enter, is at our very door. On the other side of the city is Capital university, which enjoys the reputation of being one of the finest classical institutions in all the land. Within a radius of fifty miles are located four other institutions of national renown: Otterbein, at Waterville; Ohio Wesleyan, at Delaware; Wittenberg, at Springfield, and Kenyon College, at Gambier. Three of these can be reached from the city by trolley lines every hour. Within the city limits are two of the best medical colleges in the state; and other schools for business and special training without number. Nor has the state forgotten its unfortunates. Within the walls of the Capital City are located three institutions worthy of special mention. In one the dumb are made to speak; in another the blind practically see and hold silent communication with the great authors whose words have lifted up humanity; in the third, those in whose minds the lamp of intelligence burns but feebly are placed under expert and sympathetic teachers, and, in many cases, wonders are accomplished."

Columbus is surpassed by the national capital alone in the size and number of her public institutions. Besides those above mentioned, the State House and the Ohio penitentiary are well deserving of attention; also the insane asylum, built at a cost of



OLEONTANGY PARK THEATER

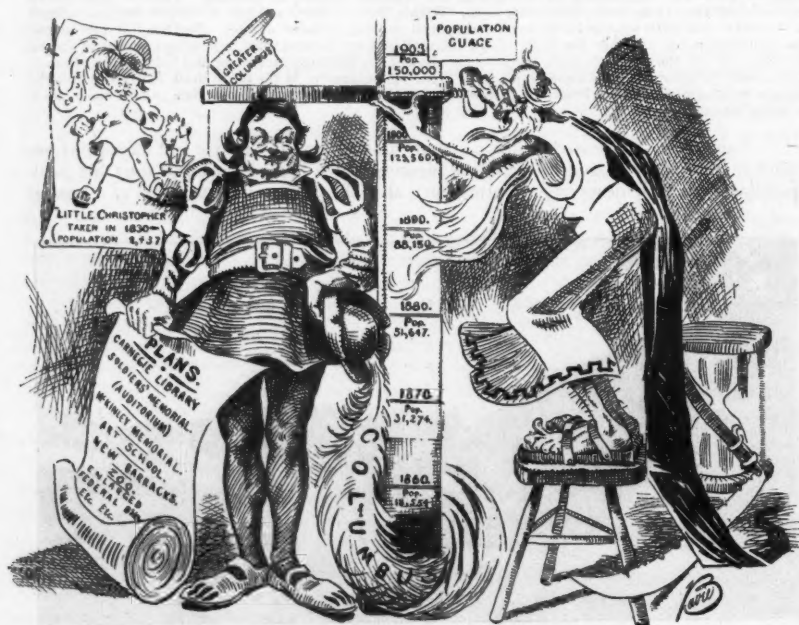
\$2,000,000—the largest in the world. In addition to the state institutions, Columbus is beautified and embellished by many notable buildings pertaining to national, county and municipal government, etc., whose enumeration space will not permit.

The United States war department is about to establish, at a short distance from the corporation limits, one of the most important military posts in the country, with ample space for field maneuvers, target practice, etc.

Columbus is provided with parks covering 300 acres, whither the inhabitants may repair for recreation after the business cares of the day are past. There are few more beautiful streets than Broad street, with its long array of palatial residences, many of which are set in the midst of large and picturesque private grounds. As one looks down High street at night, the series of electric arches which span the street at short intervals, extending as far as the eye can reach, seem to form an arcade of light almost rivaling in splendor the magnificent electrical display seen at the Pan-American Exposition. The dense crowds which throng this brilliantly illuminated street during the evening hours all the year 'round form a spectacle to be encountered nowhere else.

It must not be forgotten that the marvellous growth of Columbus has not been the result of any sudden boom, or series of booms—followed sooner or later, in accordance with the natural law that "reaction is equal to action," by corresponding periods of depression and stagnation. On the contrary, her growth may be likened unto that of the marvellous creations of the coral polyp—each year's progress being added and firmly cemented to that which has gone before until all combine to form a solid, indestructible foundation, upon which with equal stability each succeeding cycle of time adds a structure of its own. And thus it is we see in the future's vista no limit to our city's upgrowing and expansion.

With her many advantages, her civic pride and aggressive people, it is impossible to believe that what we now see is not merely a fore-promise of the glories of that "Greater Columbus" coming to occupy the site of the present at a time not far distant.



FATHER TIME:—My, my, how you have grown, child, in the last half dozen years!

COLUMBUS:—You think so, Dad? Well, you just keep your eye on me for the coming dozen!

Terre Haute, an Aggressive City of the Middle West

By A STAFF CORRESPONDENT



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA
Photograph by Holloway



ONE OF TERRE
HAUTE'S CHURCHES

FEW cities located in the central part of the United States possess in so general a way the advantages which favor the activities of industrial life and which contribute to the comfort and convenience of its citizens as does the city of Terre Haute. Although it does not possess the rugged environment which characterizes mountain or lake cities, it is nevertheless picturesquely located.

The Wabash river, on the border of which it is built, is without exception the finest river in the state, while the name Terre Haute—"high land"—gives us a clue to the character of the site and the surrounding country.

The city of Terre Haute had its begin-

ning in the year 1816, when a few settlers took up their abode on the east bank of the Wabash river. So inviting a prospect did the village offer that in 1830 it had grown to a population of 600. The last census numbered its inhabitants at 37,000, but so rapid has been its growth that conservative estimates now place the figure at 50,000. This in brief is the story of the founding and development of one of Indiana's most progressive cities.

The cause of this extraordinary development is not to be found in booms or false encouragement given to industry, but rather in the loyalty of its citizens and in the aggressive policy of those who have the welfare of the city at heart. These factors, together with the natural advantages of location, have made possible a steady and systematic growth. The fact that its industries are without exception prosperous is eloquent testimony



VIGO COUNTY COURT HOUSE

that they are supported not by false stimulants, but by the inherent advantages of the city.

Certainly it could not be said that Terre Haute is geographically isolated. It is 180 miles north of Chicago, 168 east of St. Louis, 187 west of Cincinnati, 187 northwest of Louisville, and seventy-two miles west of Indianapolis. This, together with the fact that its eleven railroads give good connections with the markets of the world, makes it a desirable center for all forms of commercial activity. In the near future Terre Haute is reasonably certain to have a line direct to the Southwest, striking the Mississippi river at Chester, Illinois, giving another outlet to the South and Southwest. Another Chicago line is also headed towards Terre Haute, and the growing demand for coal in the Indiana gas belt will bring another line from that direction. No city in the country has better transportation facilities than Terre Haute, nor can any other place be found whose shippers receive better treatment at the hands of the railroads. With brisk competition in all directions the manufacturer is assured prompt and efficient service.

An essential factor in every manufacturing district is an abundant supply of

coal at reasonable prices. Speaking of this subject, a pamphlet published by the Commercial club gives the following:

"Very few places anywhere enjoy the advantages of Terre Haute in the line of fuel. It is headquarters of the coal mining industry of Indiana. Through it is distributed the product of the Indiana coal mines within a radius of forty miles, amounting to something like a thousand car loads daily. In Vigo county, of which this is the capital, there are 400 square miles of coal lands containing 3,375,000,000 tons of coal. Within a radius of thirty miles there are 2,110 square miles of coal fields, containing 12,482,600,000 tons of coal, which, at the present rate of increase of consumption, it is estimated will last 225 years. All lines of railroad reach the coal fields.

"The coal is bituminous. For steaming purposes it is better than Pennsylvania coal. The supply being practically inexhaustible, accessible and easily mined, it naturally follows that it is cheap. Steaming coal, which means all that passes through inch and a quarter screens, can be had at from sixty to seventy cents per ton, and run of mine ranges from a dollar to \$1.10 per ton, prices varying with changes in miners' scale. As every mine operator in the district is represented here, the manufacturer is offered every facility to obtain the lowest price in the purchase of fuel."

Producer gas is used for fuel by many of the factories, as the successor of natural gas. Experts say that results from Terre Haute coal are more satisfactory than that obtained through the use of Pittsburg coal. After giving it a fair trial for a number of years, three of the large factories here more than doubled their capacity.

Next to coal, shale is probably the most important product of the state. It is suitable for the manufacture of all kinds of brick tile and pipe. It exists in abundance and is always of the best

quality. Within two miles of the city are great hills which contain shale in strata of from thirtyfive to fifty feet in thickness. Under this shale is a vein of coal and under the coal a fine bed of fire clay fourteen feet thick. From these clay deposits a very fine quality of paving brick is made. Within easy reach by railroad are inexhaustible quantities of sandstone of excellent quality for the manufacture of glass. Ten miles from the city, at Coxville, on the line of the Vandalia railroad, it is to be found in vast quantities. At this point is a plant which prepares the sand for use. It can turn out about 600 tons per day. This sand is now being used in the manufacture of glass at Terre Haute with satisfactory results.

The city of Terre Haute has an invaluable and perpetual asset in an abundant supply of good water. It may be secured in inexhaustible quantities at a

depth of from fifty to eighty feet. In addition to the wells of the large factories, there is the city waterworks plant, one of the best equipped and most successful of its kind in the country. The abundance and good quality of the water is not only an advantage to the commercial interests of the city, but it also contributes greatly to the health and comfort of its citizens.

It is not the province of this article to give in detail the history of Terre Haute nor can we give particular mention to any class of industries. We would gladly give cuts of factories, but lack of space prevents giving a number large enough to be representative. In the limited scope of an article of this character it is manifestly impossible to do more than merely suggest, leaving the reader to draw his own inferences. It is sufficient to say that the older industries are all established on a good financial basis and



IN THE RESIDENCE DISTRICT OF TERRE HAUTE

Photograph by Holloway



ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

that new ones are constantly being attracted. Right along this line the census reports of 1900 give some interesting data. For example, from 1890 to 1900 the value of the manufactured products increased 102.5 per cent., while the amount of raw material consumed and the amount of money disbursed as wages showed a corresponding increase. Since the census was taken, factories have been begun which represent a capitalization of \$2,000,000, and which will employ at least 4,000 workmen. When so impartial an authority as the United States census gives such a record of progress as this it can easily be seen that as a manufacturing center Terre Haute has exceptional advantages.

We would not have the reader draw the conclusion that Terre Haute is nothing more than a manufacturing town. It holds out equally strong inducements for the private citizen. A trip through the residence district will impress anyone with the beauty of its homes and the taste and care that are exercised in keeping the premises in good condition. Three years ago there were over 400 vacant dwellings in Terre Haute. Since then three thousand new ones have been built. Today it is a difficult matter to find a vacant house, although large forces of men are at work building houses all over the city.

The educational advantages of Terre Haute are of the very best. The public school system comprises eighteen buildings, all fitted out so as to give opportunity for the very best work. The high school alone cost \$85,000. The Indiana State Normal school is also deserving of especial mention. With fine buildings, an excellent library and a good corps of instructors, it leaves nothing to be desired in the special line of training which it offers. Rose Polytechnic Institute, one of the best of its kind in the United States, covers a field toward which modern education is gradually tending. In addition to these there are other educational institutions. Among them are St. Mary's of the Woods, a Catholic school for girls and young women, a number of parish schools and a commercial college. All these institutions have large enrollments, showing that the opportunities along educational lines are well appreciated. In addition to these, also educational in their nature, are Rose Orphan Home, a gift of the late Chauncey Rose, with buildings which cost \$140,000 and an endowment of \$300,000, and St. Ann's Orphan Asylum, under the direction of the Sisters of Providence. The city also has a public library of 20,000 volumes. Through the generosity of Mr. Crawford Fairbanks, a new library building will soon be erected.

In this connection mention should be made of the churches. All denominations are represented. Several congregations are putting up new buildings.

As a whole, the city is well supplied with all the modern improvements. We quote again from the publications of the Commercial Club:

"The streets of Terre Haute are laid out with regularity and are planted on each side with forest trees, presenting a handsome appearance. It has over twelve miles of brick and asphalt pavements, with good concrete sidewalks,

and an excellent and extensive sewerage system. Its water is supplied by a private corporation whose works reach the remotest points. Driven wells eighty feet deep furnish water in inexhaustible quantities, one distillery pumping over 4,000,000 gallons daily throughout the year. It has both gas and electric light, the former being supplied to consumers for both light and heat at seventyfive cents per 1,000 cubic feet. The streets are lighted by electricity, which can also be obtained for power purposes. A well regulated and thoroughly equipped electric railway system reaches all parts of the city, and a line to Brazil, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, sixteen miles east, is in operation with cars running each hour. The Union depot is the handsomest of its kind in the state, costing over \$100,000. The Big Four also has a very handsome depot which was opened a short time ago. The fire department is a paid one, with buildings in all parts of the city, and equipped with all the modern appliances in its line of work.

"If you are in search of a good point for the location of a factory, Terre Haute certainly possesses the most desirable advantages. It is central and is surrounded by the best agricultural lands of Indiana and Illinois. Good sites for your purpose can be obtained on the railroads at a nominal price. Its railroad facilities are unsurpassed and it has a superabundance of the best fuel at the lowest price. Labor of all kinds is plentiful, and manufacturers who require the help of boys can find them here. If you want to locate in a city where you can enjoy all the social and educational advantages to be found anywhere, Terre Haute is the place for you. All the comforts and conveniences of the modern home are to be found here. The city is well located for good health. It is built on high ground, being sixty feet above the river. It has an excellent sys-

tem of sewerage and is always kept in the very best sanitary condition. Epidemics are unknown here, and the death rate is the lowest in the country. Its people are thrifty, and a large proportion of them occupy their own homes. It is a handsome city, with good streets and plenty of shade trees. It has fifty miles of gas mains and 780 hydrants. It has good city buildings, a court house which cost \$500,000, and one of the handsomest opera houses in the country. Its beautiful Collett park is an attractive summer resort, as are also Forest park and numerous other points within easy reach. Its people are educated, refined and hospitable, and you will find Terre Haute a good place to make your home."

This article would be incomplete without mention of the loyalty which the citizens manifest in enterprises which concern the city as a whole. A Commercial club, composed of those who have the interests of the city at heart, is constantly on the alert to secure new industries and improvements. They have not infrequently contributed liberally in money as well as effort, and by this means have secured a number of factories. This spirit serves not only as an index of the progressive nature of the community, but it indicates that the greatest efforts are put forth to give every advantage to those who may be interested in the city. It operates as a standing inducement to new industries.

Terre Haute is undoubtedly one of



INDIANA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

the rising cities of the middle West. Its unusually rapid growth is but a slight indication of what she will be.

With her industries established on a stable financial basis, with a conservative

population all mutually interested in her development, and with those inherent qualities which make for municipal progress, certainly the future of Terre Haute is assured.



A TYPICAL ATTRACTIVE WINDOW DISPLAY IN A TERRE HAUTE STORE

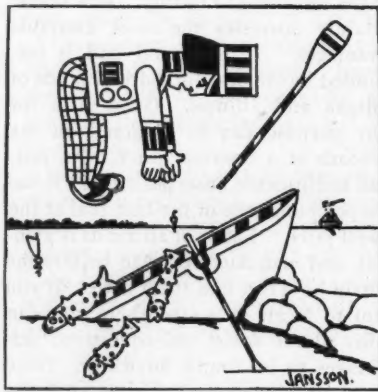
THE ZIGZAG MOTHER GOOSE

VERSES AND PICTURES BY JANSSON



HE LIVED IN A TUB

Rub-a-dub-dub lived in a tub,
And where do you think he went?
To Gypsy Town where he bought a crown
Of the lady who lives in a tent.



TIMOTHY FOSTER

Timothy Foster sailed for Gloster
To sell his fish, they say;
But he came to grief, for he struck a reef
And the fish all ran away.

How Foreign Commerce Benefits the American Banker

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE MISSOURI BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

By WM. L. MOYER,

President of the Shoe and Leather National Bank of New York

BEFORE beginning to give you my views on "How Foreign Commerce Benefits the American Banker," I want, first, to express the great pleasure it gives me to be with you again and to see so many of my old friends and acquaintances here; and second, to tell you a little story I heard the other day. An eloquent young divine was preaching, and, upon reaching a climax, was somewhat startled to hear one of his audience say, in a voice loud enough to be heard by most of the congregation: "That's Beecher." He proceeded, and at the end of another flight the same voice exclaimed: "That's Spurgeon." Again he proceeded and a third time he was interrupted by: "That's Talmage." Leaning over his pulpit and shaking his finger at the offending brother, he said: "Will you shut up? I will not be interrupted again!" And the response came promptly: "That's himself." The application is obvious.

It is safe for me to assume that there is scarcely one of us who has not frequently during his banking career been confronted by the problem of how to maintain dividends when interest rates fall, or when competition becomes so keen as to prevent the profitable use of his funds. It seems, therefore, fair to presume that any policy, pursuance of which may with safety exercise a favorable influence upon the profit account of a bank, is a welcome topic for consideration and discussion.

Recent circumstances have caused me

to devote time and thought to a question to which I had previously given comparatively little attention, viz: the extension of our banking system to other countries. When, therefore, you honored me by asking me to address you, it was natural to ask myself: "Will a subject connected with my present work be of interest to my old friends and associates?" Thinking that it might, I have come to speak to you on "How Foreign Commerce Benefits the American Banker."

Before taking up this subject specifically, it is proper to ask another question: "Upon what does a bank depend principally for its prosperity?" What condition, outside of the bank itself, works for its benefit?" Without hesitation one may reply that that which is of prime importance is energetic, healthy commercial activity in the community to which the bank looks for its business.

The truth of this statement will not, I think, be questioned; granting its truth, we reach the conclusion that, other things being equal, any force or circumstance that tends to develop and expand the commercial activity of a community is of vast benefit to its banks.

In view of these facts and with our experience as bankers, let us try to see what can be done to attain the best results for our banks and show a sustained profit for our stock holders.

In its early days a community is the center of a sparsely settled area, where the people are engaged in agriculture,

stock raising, lumbering or mining; the community has very little money, and the first business of the bank is limited to loaning its own funds at rates which, although high, are those which the borrowers must pay, having no other recourse.

As the development of the neighboring territory progresses, and the wealth of the community increases, the bank becomes the custodian of its surplus funds, and by loaning them at fair rates, realizes good profits and earns large dividends on its capital.

With the increasing wealth of the community, however, banks increase in number, individual lenders compete with the banks, and interest rates fall. Furthermore, the production of the community soon reaches its own consuming power, and unless there be an outlet for its surplus products, business stagnation follows, the period being one when the needs of the community are about met by its own production, with a comparatively small demand for money. This condition is disadvantageous for the bank.

New enterprises come in, new railroads enter the territory and provide outlets for its surplus products, and increased business activity follows.

While the increase in wealth in the community, through the sale of its surplus in other markets, offsets the demand for money with which to cultivate larger areas, and so prevents any decided rise in the interest rate, the growth in number and volume of the bank's transactions resulting from the new commercial activity and life of the community brings to the bank another period of profit.

This stage in the history of a community and its bank continues until the development of the natural resources in the surrounding territory has reached a maximum. Then comes a second period of stagnation, often one in which, be-

cause of the quantity of idle money in the district, interest rates seek a lower level or a large surplus is carried at small profit, and the bank's earnings fall in proportion, making it difficult to maintain the dividend rate.

Then comes the manufacturing period, and with it the employment of the funds of the community in new enterprises. Here we pass through the same phases as before; both community and bank repeat the experience of the period of natural products, the engagement of the funds thus employed at first bringing in better interest rates for the bank. When the manufactures equal the demands of the community there comes another time of business depression. Then the increase in the capacity of the factories and the shipments of and sale of their wares to other parts of the country, renewed activity in the business world, a corresponding time of prosperity for the bank, progressive growth, both in wealth and life of the community, until the time when the output reaches the capacity for consumption of the country itself.

When that limit is reached there comes again in the life of the community, and of all communities similarly situated in the same country, a time when business seems to be at a standstill and banks suffer accordingly.

Standing at this point, and seeking a remedy for the stagnation of business, we must be governed by past experience. In each case you will see that the period of depression has been relieved by reaching out for broader markets. Thus, and thus only, may the surplus products of the community be disposed of and its commercial life be made broader and stronger.

Thus it appears that when a nation reaches the point where its natural and artificial products outstrip the nation's needs, the further growth of its commerce, upon which the prosperity of the bank largely depends, calls upon the

nation to enter the field of foreign commerce.

If the foreign commerce of the country be then encouraged by every legitimate means at hand, the nation's commercial elements will respond, and with that response will come an increase in volume of the bank's transactions, and corresponding profits.

Leaving for later consideration the various ways in which the banking community will profit by the development of foreign commerce, and accepting the conclusion reached, let us review the various phases through which communities and their banks have passed, and get the benefit of their experiences.

The commercial life of the community and the prosperity of the bank go hand in hand, and if the banker would benefit himself, he must do so by using the trust that the public has reposed in him for the upbuilding of the legitimate commercial life of that community. Thus we see that in order to answer properly the question: "How can foreign commerce benefit the American banker?" we must also answer the question: "What can the American banker do to build up and extend our foreign commerce?"

The extension of our foreign, as of our domestic business, depends upon the confidence of the commercial community in the banking facilities available, i. e., in the ability to furnish accurate information about the standing of prospective customers; in the prompt collection of proceeds of sales made in distant localities, and in making advances as needed.

No foreign bank can handle our foreign business satisfactorily in a distant land. Our banks, through foreign branches or agencies, must be able to follow our foreign trade through all its wanderings from factory to market. If a bank do less than this it will satisfy neither its customers nor its stock holders. Hence, in order that the nation's commercial

community and banking world may continue to reap the legitimate fruits of their growth, the banking system of the country must be extended beyond the country's boundaries.

These facts have long been recognized by other nations, particularly by England and Germany, and it is through this recognition that they have been able to develop their foreign commerce, the profits from which have added enormous sums to the wealth of the home countries.

With no experience of our own to guide us, it is but prudent to understand and appropriate that of the pioneers in the field, and it is perhaps fortunate for us that the particular sphere in which these nations have displayed great activity is that to which the logic of events naturally causes us to turn our attention.

The Treasury Bureau of Statistics, in analyzing the international commerce of the principal countries of the world, estimates that the total annual value of the manufactures which enter into this commerce amounts to four billions of dollars, of which sum the United States furnishes ten per cent., or \$400,000,000. Of this enormous total the United Kingdom supplies one billion dollars, or twentyfive per cent; Germany supplies twenty per cent.; France about twelve per cent.; and the Netherlands about six per cent. You will note these four nations supply almost two thirds of the entire amount of the commerce of the world.

Strange to say, the nations which are the largest exporters of manufactures are also the largest importers of manufactures, this being due, in part, to the fact that much of the material which they use in manufacturing is produced in other countries, and imported in the first stage of manufacture; while other manufactures imported are composed of articles produced in other parts of the world and not produced in the countries in question. In the case of Great Britain, for

example, which imports seven hundred and twentyfive millions of dollars of manufactures annually, nearly thirtysix millions represents the value of copper, chiefly imported from the United States in the form of pigs and bars in the first process of manufacture; sixtyfive millions of dollars of manufactures of silk, of which the material is not produced in Great Britain; sixtythree millions of dollars of wool, a large part of which is imported in the first stage of manufacture; sixtyseven millions of dollars of food and drinks, chiefly in the first stage of manufacture; and more than fifty millions of dollars of leather, which after importation, becomes a material for use in manufacturing.

Exportation of manufactures exceeds importation in Great Britain, Germany, France, and the United States, Austria-Hungary, Belgium and Switzerland, respectively, while in all other countries in the world importations of manufactures exceed exportation.

Turning to the import side, we learn that manufactures form 76 per cent. of the importation into Australia; 68 per cent. into the Argentines; 57 per cent. into Canada; 53 per cent. into Japan; 38 per cent. into the United States; and 28 per cent. into Great Britain and Germany respectively.

The important field now open to us and from which we derive comparatively little benefit is the Orient, the trade of which, from our relative geographical position, no less than from our superior facilities for handling it, properly belongs to the people of the United States. Facing the Pacific and South Pacific oceans is a population of seven hundred and fifty million people whose commerce today represents the enormous sum of more than two thousand million dollars per annum. Of this the United States handles less than ten per cent. or two hundred millions, while the profits resulting from the remaining ninety per

cent. go to European banking houses and merchants instead of our own.

England and Germany have preempted the oriental field and gained a firm hold on its commerce which they will be slow to relinquish. Encouraged by the presence there of powerful representatives of their respective nations, by the influential position held by their banking establishments, and by the ready help they extend, natives of England and Germany have sought those distant shores, have lived and prospered there, and have greatly extended the business of their adopted countries with their native lands. To cultivate that foreign commerce, and to give us an equal chance with England, Germany and other countries, it is as necessary that we should follow their example and have our own banking institutions in those markets to promote and facilitate the trade which our goods create, as it is that any army in a distant land should have a supply department. The latter furnishes transportation, provisions, forage, etc., to troops, and follows the army in all its movements. In like manner the bank supplies its customers engaged in exporting with the facilities necessary for the movement of their products to foreign shores. An international bank drives home the wedge of a country's commerce in a foreign land. Only when a bank works for it will foreign trade expand. It is a familiar saying that "Commerce follows the flag," but unless with that flag is a bank of the same country, we are safe in saying that it will not follow far.

What commerce will do for a country is well shown by the growth of England. With an area scarcely larger than the State of New York, England, through her foreign commerce, has become the wealthiest nation in the world. She has scarcely a bank or a bank branch which is not directly connected with one or another of the great Anglo-Oriental

banks. In all the advertisements of those oriental banks a long list of domestic banks is given, and in many other ways a community of interest is established which results in bringing the oriental bank and the home bank and (what is of more importance) the customers of both, into very close and sympathetic reciprocal relations, which in its results is enormously stimulating to international commerce. If the merchant in Sheffield, England, wishes to open a market for his goods in Hong Kong, he obtains the most reliable and confidential information through the medium of his bank and its associated institution in Hong Kong, and in every way conceivable his business is promoted. The services which the home bank, through its foreign branches, renders to the home producer are far superior to those which are afforded by agencies in this country.

But England's hold on the Orient, although not to be easily lessened, is not, so far as we of this country are concerned, an unsurmountable obstacle.

While, by reason of the long established relations of English houses, that country's oriental commerce is now in the lead, it must be borne in mind that the early completion of our cable to Manila will cut in half the present cable distance, and thus add to the advantage of our geographical position that of much lower cable rates.

If it be true that American merchants and manufacturers are entering the field with Great Britain and Germany and successfully wresting from them not only the other European markets but their own domestic trade, they need not fear competition in distant countries where their rivals are working at a far longer range than they.

With the banks of this country joining forces and pursuing the policy hitherto so successfully followed by England, every bank in this country has the means

of being of very great service in developing the business of its clients and in adding to its own profits.

This development of foreign commerce will benefit the American banker in more ways than one. It will do so—

First—As has been shown above, in the increased and sustained activity of the commercial life of the community which he serves.

Second—The American banker who is engaged in this kind of business will be benefited by his assets being in more liquid form. When the manufacturer in this country sells his products in our markets, it frequently happens that he requires almost continual assistance from his banker, owing to his inability to realize on his sales until after the expiration of the term of credit which usage demands be granted to his customers. A large percentage of the bank's bills receivable are thus made up of unsecured commercial paper upon which, in time of stringency, the bank could not realize quickly. When, however, the sales of the manufacturer are to foreign customers, they become the basis for bills of exchange, which bills are accompanied by bills of lading, insurance policies, etc., covering the shipment of the goods—the accompanying papers being of such a nature as to give the purchaser of the bill a lien upon the goods. These bills, when drawn in accordance with well established usage, are readily sold in London, Paris and other great money centers. The banker is thus placed in the position of being able to carry them in his discounts, or of realizing upon them at a day's notice, if he desires to do so, for the purpose of increasing his reserve.

Third—"Foreign commerce benefits the American banker" by furnishing for the funds in his hands a legitimate field for use, and thereby lessening the temptation to enter the field of speculative capitalizations. As the commerce of a na-

tion increases, the number of bills of exchange current increases correspondingly. These offer to the banker an ever present legitimate investment of far greater safety than the average commercial paper and, as I have already said, are susceptible of the quickest realization. A bank, whether domestic or international, that is engaged in supplying the financial needs created by growing foreign commerce, should be a purely mercantile bank, and its funds being fully required in facilitating trade, it cannot be in any way connected with the flotation of industrial enterprises, or with the placing of their resultant securities.

In summing up, you will agree with me that the development of our banks is intimately associated with the commercial future of the country and that, with our rapidly growing wealth, the best method of utilizing the country's surplus funds, so that they may serve as a valuable lever with which to move the world's commerce to and from our shores, is one of the most important economic questions of the day.

Up to the present time our domestic and the European trade which we have

developed, have furnished sufficient outlet for our activities. It is so no longer. Our foreign commerce today, in certain staples, is of such importance to us that legislation abroad which would affect it adversely would cause acute financial distress in this country. For this reason, and even although the enactment of such legislation seems improbable, we should be swift to seize the opportunity to open other markets, to the end that if some outlets should be closed, there would yet remain others sufficient to our needs.

There is no doubt but that the commerce of the Orient, great as it is today, will be enormously increased in the near future under the stimulus of American capital, American methods and American brains, and that as a result we shall see our country pass through an experience through which Great Britain has already passed: namely, that when a country takes up on a large scale the development of its commerce with distant lands, there results a marvelous expansion of foreign trade which increases many fold the nation's domestic banking capital and profits.

KANSAS

ON pedestal of Love's enduring stone,
 Beloved martyr mother take thy place
 And let the light of honor kiss thy face.
 Thro' darkness to the stars thou camst alone
 To reap at last the glory thou hast sown!
 We, children of thy labor, by thy grace
 Now equal with our brothers in the race,
 Do hymn thy praise in joy's exulting tone.
 The incense of our gratitude shall rise
 A cloud of sweetness floating golden bright
 To please the sight and deck the peaceful skies
 Surrounding thee in thy Olympian height.
 Receive thy emblem flow'r, dear honor's prize:
 Its lesson thou hast learn'd, to face the Light!

Patrick Leopold Gray

Pennsylvania's Capital City

By *BARTON D. EVANS*



VIEW ON MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA



E. J. STACKPOLE,
President, Board of Trade.

It was with a prophetic eye that John Harris looked out over the broad Susquehanna river on that December day, one hundred and seventy years ago, and recognized the spot as the place where a bustling and thriving city would grow up. Waterways were the lines of travel and trade and as the uncertain depth of water made the Susquehanna unreliable, along its banks were soon built canals, for it was the mighty force of the river that had sundered the mountains and opened up an easy track. Railroads

succeeded the canals, all following the line of the river and its branches and all converging at Harrisburg to make it the great railroad center it is. Southward from the city extends the Cumberland Valley

through which now run two railroads connecting Harrisburg with the South, while eastward nature made easy ways for too great railroads. Nowhere else in the state have such natural highways converged and nowhere else have these advantages been so conserved.

The town grew along the river bank



THE BOARD OF TRADE,
Harrisburg.



UNITED STATES COURT AND POSTOFFICE

and a lively trade was done during the boating and rafting season. The building of the canal changed this and varied industrial establishments grew up to supply the wants that come as people change their primitive habits to those of more advanced civilization. Very early shrewd men saw the advantages of Harrisburg as a favored spot for the manufacture of iron, and from those early establishments of the pioneers have grown the giant mills of the Central Iron & Steel Company, the Pennsylvania Steel Company, Harrisburg Pipe Company, Lalance & Grosjean tin plate works and others.

The early growth of the town was slow and in 1850 the population was only 7,384; but after that, as the railroads increased their facilities, growth became more rapid. Men began to see the possibilities of the town and industries sprang up that demanded operatives. The town spread and became a city, and the long lines of houses that have been built



CAMERON SCHOOL BUILDING

up attest it to be a city of homes, which means a thrifty, law abiding population. Standing on an eminence, the city overlooks the broad Susquehanna, that "synonym of beauty" as Thomas Buchanan Read said, while against the western sky stand, in ever lovely hues, the mountains. Such a situation means health with ordinary care and this care is more than given.

Two years ago, the Evening Telegraph suggested the improvement of the city, and in ten days so many citizens were interested that \$5,000 had been subscribed to have plans elaborated. A League for Municipal Improvements was formed and experts were secured to report plans. The experts reported on street paving, sewerage, pure water and parks and the whole country looked on with admiration at the "Harrisburg plan." A million dollars was promptly voted by the citizens to carry out the plans and it will be only a short time until every street and avenue in the city will be paved with the best improved pavements, the whole sewerage plant of the city placed in perfect condition, filter plants in place to insure pure water at all times, and last and not least a system of parks which will make breathing spots and places of beauty. A dam in the river in connection with the sewage system will give a broad expanse of water for boating, which will add to the charms of the park on the river bank that can be made as beautiful as any city in the world can boast. The accomplishment of so much shows the progressive character of the people of Harrisburg and their determination not to be behind in the march of progress.

Today, Harrisburg has a population of 75,556 and its growth is more rapid than its most optimistic friend had hoped for. Steelton, with its 20,000 people, is so closely connected that it may really be called a part, while the complete trolley systems of the city bring into immediate

contact the various surrounding towns, a hundred thousand people a month being carried over the bridge across the Susquehanna river alone.

The output of the iron and steel plants of the city runs into millions of dollars annually, that of the Pennsylvania Steel Company ranking with the giants of the country. But it is not upon a single industry alone that Harrisburg depends, and yearly the manufactures become more diversified, the advantages of the city being shown by the rapid growth of her industries from small beginnings to giant producers. Bewildering are the figures of the output of these various establishments and the advantages of the city as a distributing point cause their owners to fear no competition.

Harrisburg has the largest boot and shoe factory in the United States, a silk factory employing hundreds of hands, a cigar factory giving employment to almost 2,000, the Harrisburg Foundry and Machine Company sending the famous Harrisburg engine to all parts of the world, and two electric plants supply light and power.

The city is the center of the political and official life of the state and with the completion of the imposing new capital building at a cost of \$5,000,000, the importance of Harrisburg as the seat of government will be increased.

Three national banks, two state banks, three private banks, a savings bank and three trust companies show by their deposits and business that much wealth and thrift distinguishes the city, while for the same reason they afford ample facilities for the business men and manufacturers, a very necessary factor at times.

Standing as it does at the point where the railroads from all sections of the country converge, no city possesses greater advantages in facilities for distributing its products. Every day the great railroads centering here are striving to increase their facilities and meet



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BRANCH OF THE
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

the demands made upon them. It is estimated that beside the million and more dollars spent by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on the recently completed stone bridge over the Susquehanna river, another million has been spent in increasing the capacity of the yards, enlarging the passenger station and other improvements. The Reading Railway is erecting a new passenger station while at the same time it is striving to extend its freight yards to keep up with the constantly increasing business.

So complete are the shipping facilities here that the city has become one of the largest distributing points for agricultural machinery. Few persons in Harrisburg are aware of the importance and immensity of this business and of the thousands of dollars worth of machinery that comes here to be transshipped and pay tribute to the foresight of John Harris in seeing here a place to found a city.

As remarked above Harrisburg is a



THE HARRISBURG CITY HOSPITAL

city of homes and this means a high class of labor, self respecting and intelligent, which takes an interest in public affairs and the welfare of the city. Scarcely a strike has marred the harmony between employer and employe and a boycott is unknown. The fertile fields that lie about the city furnish farm and dairy products and vegetables of the finest quality and greatest abundance at prices which make Harrisburg a desirable place of residence.

The older part of the city is built up as solidly as the high priced portions of New York, but in the newer parts long lines of attractive residences attest the improved taste and yearning for the beautiful. Porches and lawns add their charms while the growing rows of trees promise ere long fine, shady avenues.

Harrisburg may be said to be a city of churches, and their influence is strongly shown all through the community. This religious sentiment asserts itself in various ways that give a healthy and moral tone that is reflected in the city life. It is shown in the many charities that abound in the city. The Harrisburg Hospital, thanks to kind hearted donors, is one of the best equipped in the country, and does a great work in alleviating suffering. A free kindergarten takes care of homeless children, supplemented by the Children's Industrial Home, while the name of the Home for the Friendless tells the story of its work. Charity seems to be a dominant trait in the Harrisburg character.

The Young Men's Christian Association is just completing one of the largest and most completely equipped buildings of its kind in the state, and the Pennsylvania Railroad branch of the Young Men's Christian Association has just taken possession of a new building which while fully fitted for its duties is an architectural addition to the city.

The public school system is thoroughly equipped and up to date. The school

accommodations have been kept up to the demand and each new building has the latest improvements that skill can furnish. Nearly two hundred teachers instruct the ten thousand pupils enrolled and the thoroughness of the instructors is attested by the stand taken by the high school graduates on entering college.

Three daily papers record not only the local doings of the city, but tell the news of the world beside. The Patriot is published in the morning and the Telegraph and Star-Independent in the afternoon. Much of the grand step forward made by Harrisburg is due to the leadership of its enterprising and public spirited editors.

An important factor in the recent growth of Harrisburg has been its Board of Trade, made up as it is of the most energetic and progressive of its citizens. Inspired by the truth that what is beneficial to the city is beneficial to the individual, they have striven to awake the whole city to the desirability of pulling together and attracting business and industrial establishments to Harrisburg.

Various successful concerns employing many hundreds of hands attest that their work has been a success. If the members can inspire more people with their enthusiasm then greater results will come.

There is no reason that Harrisburg should not go forward with leaps and bounds, as its advantages become more widely known. Its situation is not only unrivalled for beauty and healthfulness but for transportation facilities, while it is only a question of a few months when it will be one of the best paved and sewered cities in the world, with pure water to drink and keep itself clean.

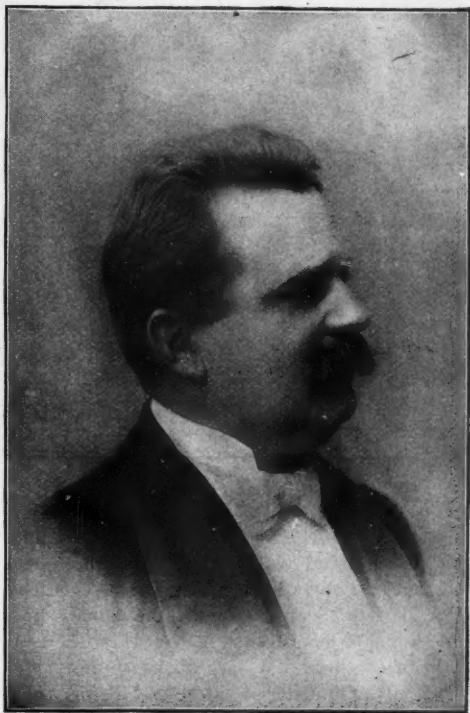
To the manufacturer the city offers much that means success, and to the operative everything that makes home attractive. These offers the city extends with a free hand and tenders a cordial welcome.



AFTER I heard Gladys Perkins Fogg sing at a concert given in Concord, N. H., I could well understand why this young lyric soprano had won the affectionate admiration of such renowned artists as Sembrich and Melba.

With the natural ease and grace on the stage that wins an audience, it was difficult to realize that the fair young singer was sightless. The first suggestion that impressed one was her superb self poise and absolute accuracy in tone and expression. It revealed the mastery of a painstaking artist with a soul and a spirit that surmounted what, under ordinary circumstances, would have been unsurmountable obstacles. The trills and runs were given with a sweet and birdlike quality which fully emphasized talent, allied to comprehension of her art and thorough study. Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, her instructor, the noted tenor, appeared with Miss Fogg on the platform, and the concert by teacher and pupil—both sightless—was a musical treat one seldom enjoys. No wonder that the most famous prima donnas of the day went into ecstasy over such music—for it was real music of the soul—songs sung for the music itself without the usual superficial stage

tricks of meretricious vocal effort. Her repertoire contains selections from many standard operas in German, Italian and French, and her enunciation has won the praise of linguists. How this slender young girl of twentytwo could have



MR. WILHELM HEINRICH



MISS GLADYS PERKINS FOGG

mastered so much is a marvel to those who have served twice her years on the concert and operatic stage.

A day at "Scraggiewood," the summer home of her parents, in New Hampshire, shows how the hard work is done. Located among the picturesque hills of the Granite state, amid the fields, trees and flowers, it is an ideal retreat for

musical inspiration. Two concert grand pianos are there, and the young singer rehearses every day with the determination of the artist. Such music I have seldom heard on any concert stage as was presented in that modest New Hampshire home. There were songs of Schumann, Wagner, Gounod, Verdi—all the masters, and the pianist rendered Beethoven's sonatas—as an interlude between vocal selections—well, one day at "Scraggiewood" would include a score of concert programs. The arias that Patti sung, with all their rich vocal embroidery and coloratura, were given by this young lyric soprano with artistic intensity and subtle interpretation. It was that time honored duet from *Il Trovatore* that I called for. And when rendered in that quiet New Hampshire retreat by Miss Fogg and Mr. Heinrich, pupil and teacher, to my mind, they far surpassed renditions I had heard in fair Italia or the fortynine other times I had heard the opera. When music touches heart and soul; when the rippling cadence, rich harmony and pensive pathos bring tears to the eyes—then I can have an idea of the language of heaven.

While Boston musical critics and the world's greatest prima donnas have showered upon Miss Fogg and her teacher genuine tributes from Art's standpoint, I feel that none the less significant is the tribute of friends and neighbors who, while not familiar with the technique of music, can enjoy and appreciate the masterpieces of music interpreted by such artists as Miss Fogg.

Born in Newton in 1881, her career has been one of inspiration. Early in life it was her ambition to become an opera singer. In spite of delicate physique and lingering illness, and the loss of sight seven years ago, she has won back health and conquered in her work. Under the untiring tutelage of Mr. Heinrich, she has become one of the leading lyric sopranos of today. An effort is being made to secure her for a concert tour the coming season. Miss Fogg is a type of what a musical education in America can accomplish, and it was no less a critic than Sembrich herself who asserted that no amount of study abroad could improve the perfected art which the talent and instruction of Miss Fogg had accomplished. She has the pure American interpretation of the masters, fresh, genuine and natural—always winsome and reaching the subtle depths of the soul.

OF all resting places and recreation resorts none in America quite surpasses the long famous Mount Pleasant House and its new companion, the Mount Washington. These hotels, located in the very heart of the playground of America, must be reckoned in a trip to the White Mountains,—and a trip to New England is quite incomplete without a visit to the Switzerland of America. They say in Switzerland, "We have the White Mountains of Europe." These queen hotels of the White Mountains, conducted by Messrs. Anderson & Price—one of the best known hotel firms in America—are within sight of the famous Mount Washington. That same dear old Mount Washington which was so familiar to us in the old school geographies, with a picture of the climbing cog railroad. The golf links at Mount Pleasant are the scene of many, many pleasant hours; the picturesque mountain rides and walks—but what is the use in trying to write about it;—the pleasure of the

days at Mount Pleasant cannot be adequately expressed in words. There is always a rush in August, but the White Mountains in July and September and even later, are at their best. A line to Messrs. Anderson & Price, Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, will bring you all the detailed information. If you have never been there, do not miss the trip this year, for the memories of days at Mount Pleasant, which opens June 27, or Mount Washington, which opens July 15, will always remain one of the bright spots in your life. If there are any mountain resort hotels that excel these twin hostelryes at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, they have not yet appeared on the map. As for myself, I look forward to a fortnight at Mount Pleasant as the great event of the year.

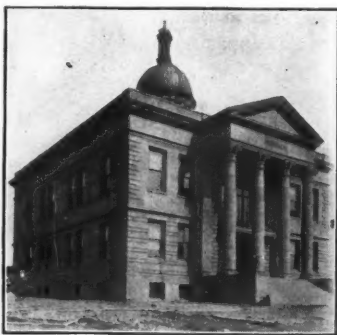
ON the Boston express the other day I witnessed a scene which I wish I could describe as it impressed me. It was the "four o'clock express," and an elderly lady, evidently a foreigner, stepped on the train, with that peculiar, square rigged, canvass covered, broad valise so much used in Europe. Directly behind her was a sturdy young man, who carried the remainder of her luggage on his shoulder. He too was evidently a foreigner whose dress and appearance indicated that he was thoroughly acclimated, and was now a prosperous adopted American citizen. With a peculiar motion, the little woman



HORACE G. ADAMS, editor of the Railway News, the official journal of the organized railway clerks, who are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The Railway News is published at La Porte City, Iowa, and circulates extensively in the United States, Mexico and Canada.

shrank from taking a seat in the coach among finely dressed people. Although I did not understand the conversation, I heard her inquiry as to whether they were to go "first class." The son—for I had gotten that far in conclusions—went toward the center of the car to select a good seat, while the mother had seated herself in one near the door. His bright face beamed as he ushered that little, stooped mother to the seat as tenderly as if she were his bride. What happiness was reflected in those faces! They were seated in front of me, with their

then, unable longer to repress the joy of a mother's heart, she kissed him. Such tenderness in those eyes, glistening with tears—she was with her boy again! The heads came just above the top of the seat, and how close they were together, as they talked and talked over the past. What memories of the old home were awakened in the heart of the young man while the mother recounted, as only a mother can, those things which he was most anxious to know about. When he brought her a drink, when he pulled the shade, every act was devotion. If I



BAYFIELD COUNTY COURT HOUSE



WALKER HIGH SCHOOL

TYPES OF THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN WASHBURN, WISCONSIN

These buildings typify not alone the civic enterprise of Lake Superior towns, but also their loyalty to home enterprises, both structures being built of the famous brownstone quarried in the Lake Superior country.

luggage carefully stowed away overhead and underneath. Her hands were brown and rough; her little bonnet was very simple; her gray hair was smoothed down in front, and was twisted into a picturesque Norwegian knot behind; her features were irregular, her face wrinkled, her nose large and sharp, and she had no upper teeth—and yet, I pledge you, I never saw a more beautiful face when, after the son was settled, this little woman turned and stroked the hair of her son as only a mother can, regardless of the curious eyes in the coach; and

could only impress upon sons and daughters the priceless heritage they have in their mother! There never can be but one mother,—and every little act of devotion and love will some day be a treasured memory.

ONE of the great cohesive features in our national life is statehood patriotism. It has been suggested that the National Magazine gather all the state songs and print them from time to time. Now the difficulty is that in many states there is no generally accepted or used

song or verse. In order to get at the sentiment on this matter we are going to ask the readers of the National Magazine to send us a copy of what they consider the song of their state and—if there should be none extant—see that one is written, if you have to try it yourself. Send us at once what you think would be appropriately termed the song of your state. This idea has been emphasized by the kind words of reference to our

July cover. In some respects it was disappointing to us, although the idea of representing each state and territory by its official seal on the cover is a most appropriate one. Some of our readers are very enthusiastic over the recognition given to their own state. The cover certainly carried with it the "stamp of approval" from every state and territory in which we have large and increasing lists of subscribers. Now we want to carry out

the idea still further and publish the songs of the states—for it is a well known saying that "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes the laws"—or something to that effect. If the National stands for anything it is to stimulate wholesome, virile, American patriotism of the sane and sensible sort; not altogether the effervescence of holidays or outburst of war times and political campaigns, but just that sensible, every day love of country fostered by a knowledge and appreciation of public men and affairs, and through this knowledge a keen and vital appreciation of

our institutions—for the human equations always count. When we know the people, the institutions are fully known, and not until then. So send on your songs—for the nation today is a nation because of the states, and the states are states because of the nation—one and inseparable. When I witnessed the parade on Hooker Day in Boston and saw those grizzled old veterans of the Mexican war, the sturdy vigor of the

Civil war veterans, and the buoyant enthusiasm of Spanish war veterans and the state militia, somehow it welled right up in me—"my own, my native land." To think what all this patriotic devotion of past years has reaped for us today! The old, bullet torn, well worn battle flags, the cheers and greetings of the people—all this is an expression of that national optimism that carries everything before it, whether it be a conquest of trade or



THE LIBERTY BELL

arms. When I saw the children reverently touch the old Liberty Bell on Boston Common, it seemed to me that the chimes of that bell in Independence Hall on July 4, 1776, will never die away; and when the old bell took its place on Plymouth Rock, it was to me a most impressive moment—that foundation and tower should meet after all these years.

Let us remember that these sentiments of patriotism are not mere holiday trifles—they are the foundation of our moral as well as material welfare. Without a nation we would have few of the blessings which we enjoy as American citizens.

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